

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Why Lévesque
backed off

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 13

75¢

**Screen gems:
beauty
meets brains**

Céline Lomez



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is sharing it.



CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 13, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 27

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Sailing on top of the world

Réal Bouvier and eight crew members have just sailed 9,300 miles through the Northwest Passage in the smallest and only Canadian boat to complete the voyage. "It was like walking on the earth one year after the end of the world," he recalls in a special article for Maclean's.



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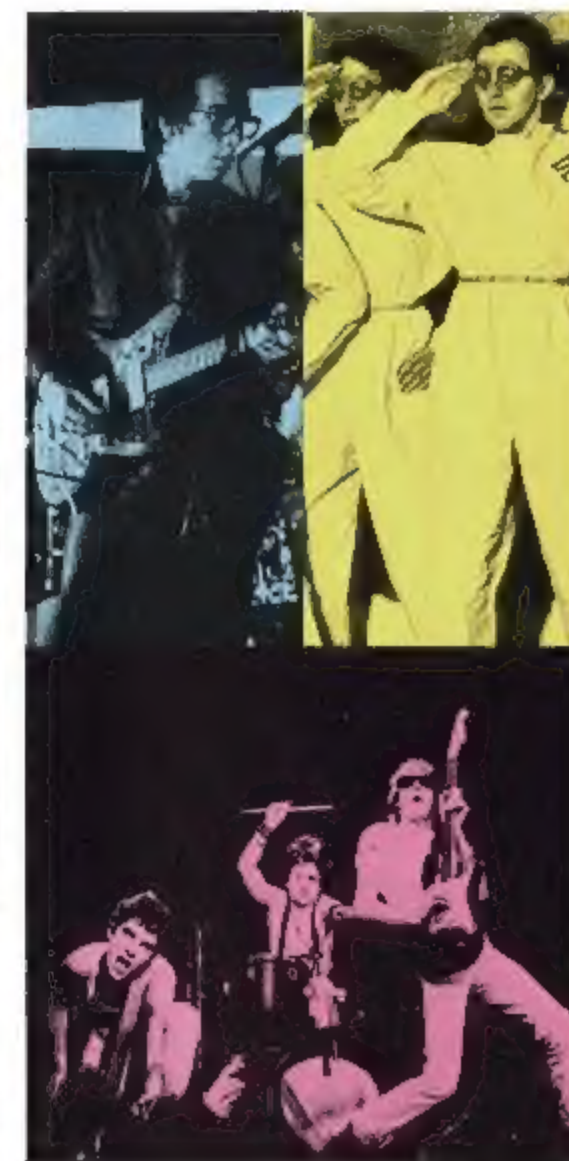


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Editorial

Lévesque's Immaculate Conception: Quebec as virgin, and a mother too



By Peter C. Newman

Halfway through his mandate, René Lévesque has finally answered the question that has been haunting Canadian politics for most of the past two decades. The solution to what Quebec *really* wants, it turns out, is a unique relationship with the rest of Canada to be known as "sovereignty-association." Even in a country where one of the major parties insists on calling itself both Progressive and Conservative, this spacey concept ranks high in the lexicon of political absurdities.

Lévesque's declaration places him on a platitudinous plateau few Canadian politicians have dared scale. He stands squarely in support of simultaneous virginity and motherhood.

Since Quebec already enjoys the benefits of a full customs and monetary union with the other provinces, Lévesque's policy amounts to a brilliant deception.

He has not spelled out exactly how much sovereignty and how much association the Parti Québécois will be demanding during the referendum campaign. But it's clear that the "sovereignty-association" approach is little more than a trick, a softening of the way toward his ultimate aim of independence. The subtle reasons for this tactical retreat are analysed with considerable insight by David Thomas, *Maclean's* Quebec bureau chief, in the Canadian news section.

Compared to the clenched and tainted regime of Robert Bourassa, the Parti Québécois has run a wide-open administration of provocative partisans who

know in their hearts that they're right. But Lévesque and his ministers have betrayed the most basic premise of their 1976 campaign: that they would provide good government and leave their independence aspirations in abeyance. Instead, from the morning after election day, nearly every one of the government's actions and policies have been determined by how it might best make the province politically independent. The government's chief and perhaps fatal error has been to enact the militant language and culture policies of Camille Laurin. By proving that protection of Quebec's heritage can be accommodated within confederation, Lévesque has jettisoned the most powerful single banner of his chauvinistic crusade.

Without the atmosphere of cultural insecurity, Quebec nationalism has lost much of its sting.

None of this means that the Parti Québécois referendum will be defeated. Lévesque has succeeded in persuading many of the province's voters that preservation of the French-English status quo has become the most radical position of all. By hacking away at Ottawa's presence in Quebec, he is gradually reducing federal involvement in the daily lives of most French Canadians to the national postal service—not the most compelling reason for remaining faithful to the tenets of confederation.

Perhaps the best description of the Canadian dilemma was Montreal comedian Yvon Deschamps' recent wisecrack: "I don't know why the English think of us as inconsistent. All we want is an independent Quebec within a strong and united Canada."

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Frontlines

Sailing on top of the world

Réal Bouvier, skipper of the first Canadian sailboat—and the smallest vessel—ever to navigate the Northwest Passage, recalls the last day of his 9,300-mile trip: "For the first time in many weeks, I purposely neglected to wind the ship's clock. I decided to let it run down by itself." That was Sunday, Oct. 15, as the 32-year-old Bouvier, looking monkish with his bearded face cut by deep lines, was approaching Vancouver in the 35-foot J.E. Bernier II. He and the eight crew members he carried at one time or another had accumulated 300 varieties of Arctic plants, 10,000 still photos, 60,000 feet of film and many fierce and beautiful memories of the North. Maclean's asked Bouvier to recall his experiences, and he begins with his arrival in Vancouver.

As I looked out over the odd sight of pleasure boats and high-rises instead of the tugs, barges and Quonset huts we had been used to, I could only reflect back to the night three years ago, anchored in a sheltered cove on St. Vincent Island in the West Indies, when I decided that I was too young to retire



Bouvier, left: the ice was here, the ice was there, the ice was all around

of the century.]

On June 30 we started from Lachine, Quebec. Three days later first mate and good friend Jean-Guy Lavallée had to resign for personal reasons. There was no time to find a replacement. We would go as three: Jacques Pettigrew the cameraman, Marie-Eve Thibault the photographer, and my-

self. Delayed by multiple stopovers to restow gear and make minor repairs, we finally sighted the magnificent coast of Greenland after six days of alternate calm and savage storm.

Fighting our way north along the Greenland coast through 70-knot winds, snow and hail, we reached Holsteinsborg, a town a few miles north of the Arctic Circle. It was November; with ice accumulating on deck and in the lower rigging we decided the boat would have to winter there and we returned to Montreal.

With a new oceanographic research program, another 30,000 feet of 16mm film, better equipment and two new crew members, the J.E. Bernier II set off the following spring to explore the Greenland coast. At the end of July, we were launched across Baffin Bay. For a time we sailed with the Williwaw, a Belgian sailboat skippered by Willy de Roos, but in Nanisivik where we had to pull the boat ashore for major repairs,

Years before I had excitedly read about the Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen's discovery of the Northwest Passage between 1903 and 1906. My interest was revived in 1969 by the U.S. supertanker Manhattan, which plied the passage, aided by the Canadian icebreaker John A. Macdonald. In 1975 I made up my mind to interrupt my career in newspapers for the longest assignment of my life.

After nine months of planning, public relations and shipbuilding, I decided on June 23, 1976, that the J.E. Bernier II was about ready to go. [The \$70,000, steel-hulled boat, subsidized by a grant from the Canada Steamship Lines, was named after Joseph Elzéar Bernier, the French-Canadian Arctic explorer who claimed Canadian sovereignty for the Arctic Archipelago at the turn

of the century.]

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we were forced to part company. De Roos carried on through the passage and arrived in Vancouver last year.

We knew we would encounter ice but had no idea how much. One year, break up can occur early—that is, the middle of July—and the next year, the straits and sounds can remain solid all summer. And early break up doesn't necessarily mean open water. In fact, too massive a break up can choke the narrowest straits, and make them inaccessible to even the most powerful Canadian icebreakers.

Ice reconnaissance flown by Canadian government planes proved almost useless, since ice tended to move faster than patrols could gather and report the information. We finally had to rely on our own judgment, and on stories of whalers from the last century who used to go as far north as they could in Baffin Bay to bypass the ice pack. We had also read about many ships that had perished by going the direct route

through the ice pack. But at latitude 75 degrees 50 minutes north, the Bernier found open water and sailed southwest into Lancaster Sound, entrance to the Northwest Passage. From there we nosed our way through the long Arctic days passing within 140 miles of the magnetic North Pole before reaching Tuktoyaktuk, where the Bernier wintered on four oil drums. Once again, we returned to Montreal. In the spring, Marie-Eve Thibault and Jacques Pettigrew stayed behind to begin editing the 60,000 feet of film [\$20,000 from the Quebec Film Institute helped subsidize the film]. With three new crew we began the last leg, around Alaska and down the beautiful B.C. coast where, at one stage, 25 humpback whales splashed and sounded around us for three hours.

Looking back over the entire voyage, I remember especially the day we experienced the hard reality of the North for the first time. When we ventured into

Baffin Bay, we encountered the ice pack. Without thinking, we entered a crack, or lead, in the ice, stopped and anchored ourselves to a floe. A few hours later the pack closed on us and we were trapped. The ice squeezed us for several hours—long enough to produce frightening noises in the hull. That night I jumped off the boat and walked on the ice. With no real darkness, I couldn't tell if it was morning or afternoon. All around me was a white prairie of ice, and the horizon was just haze joining the overcast sky and the ice-covered sea. I felt like a prisoner in a dome cut off from the rest of the world, the silence so overwhelming, it was almost audible. It was like walking on the earth one year after the end of the world. After a few minutes walking, I turned around and realized I could only see the top of the mast. Sheepishly, I hurried back. After a while the North relented, the boat was freed by the ice and we continued our journey. ☺

Orr by Hurst: no penalties for glazing

claims his life has been plagued by hockey players and the national preoccupation with the sport. Then again, Hurst confesses to a certain amount of envy. "I'd like to have \$5 million and be famous like him, but not if it meant playing hockey."

Hurst's vendetta is hardly personal, however. He has never seen or met Bobby Orr. Instead, all 20 of his remarkably realistic likenesses have been modelled after a plastic bust of Orr that arrived unsolicited in a toothpaste box. Each of the six-inch to 2½-foot ceramics takes at least a week of painstaking glazing and overglazing, which Hurst completes after his classes at the University of Saskatchewan where he is completing his MA in fine art. His style (which he calls "gopher baroque") is colorful and ornate, usually depicting Orr surrounded by cherubs, flowers and rainbows, seated on thrones, riding parade floats or in repose with the famous wounded knee elevated.

With price tags of \$100 to \$500, hockey fan-art collectors haven't been skating a path to Hurst's door. So far his only sales have been to the Art Bank and the Alberta Art Foundation, though Hurst contends he could make a fortune if he could churn them out for \$5 apiece. "Jocks love them."

In the meantime, Hurst's friends and critics have been urging him to send a sculpture to Orr, but he's not sure what the reaction would be. "I've been hit in the face by hockey players before," he says, nervously.

Marsha Boulton



He sculpts, he scores

By his own admission, Saskatoon sculptor Patrick Hurst delights in "tilting with the Philistines." But Hurst's tilting with hockey player Bobby Orr could land

him a hard body check from hockey fans who tend to speak of the legendary defenceman in hushed, reverent tones.

"I hate hockey players," admits Hurst, 30, who has been creating porcelain parodies of Orr since 1974. "I chose Bobby strictly because his name was in the news all the time. I thought I'd use him to take revenge on all hockey players." Hurst

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Ah, wilderness down at the dump

"Know how to tell a grizzly bear from a black bear?" an old timer asked me, many years ago. "Just climb a tree. Black bear will climb up after you. Old silver-tip, he can't climb; so he'll just shake you out of the tree like a plum, if he don't tear it out by the roots."

It was tales like this that moved Sid Marty, a warden in Banff National Park since 1973, to write *Men for the Mountains*, a romantic account of park life and some of the legendary characters who patrolled the backwoods. But when Marty got back to Banff from doing the promotional circuit for McClelland & Stewart last spring, he had to trade in his chainsaw for a ballpoint pen. Shifted to a desk job and cut off from back-country duties, Marty wondered if this turn of events had anything to do with his criticism—in his book and on the tour—of the way the park is being run.

Marty resigned last month. "I had to quit to get my rights to speak out as a



Marty: the mountain men are all downtown

citizen. There are more wardens who'd quit right now if they had anything to go to," says Marty, who is working on his second book of poetry. "There's not

much of a job market for men trained in mountain rescue, forest fire fighting and grizzly-bear tranquilizing."

But Banff Chief Warden Andy Anderson—a Marty target—replies that Marty was treated just like any other warden. He agrees with the writer, however, that morale among the wardens is low and that much of the problem stems from the centralization policy instituted in 1969 by the Parks authorities.

"Under centralization," Marty explains, "you'll have two wardens in the 1,200 square miles of Banff region wilderness protecting the tourists from the grizzlies or vice versa. Meantime, there are a dozen or so wardens driving around the townsites watching for illegal fires or protecting the dumps against black bears."

"Also, the superintendents hired can come from any background," Marty complains, "accounting, sanitation, whatever. They should be hiring trained conservationists who would care about the park. Instead, we have an administration whose main complaint was that we didn't move enough illegally parked cars from Lake Minnewanka."

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Bonisteel in the studio of 'Man Alive':
small-r religion gains prime-time converts

exposure to religion on the air was as programming director for CKTB radio in St. Catharines, Ontario, where he encouraged local clergymen to abandon their usual re-heated versions of Sunday's sermon and produce a series of popular one-minute spots. In 1965 he took on the United Church's radio program *Checkpoint*—"strictly to make a dollar"—and contemporized the show with an ecumenical, current affairs approach. He went on to create several radio programs for the churches, including the outstanding broadcast *Dateline*. By the time he joined *Man Alive* for its inaugural season in 1967, he was national coordinator of radio programming for the United, Anglican, and Roman Catholic churches.

Created in the wake of Vatican II and in the heyday of the ecumenical movement, *Man Alive* was a novel and contemporary vehicle for CBC's religious mandate. Bonisteel, who was signed on for only 13 weeks, recalls the overwhelming response the program received each time it dealt with a social issue—marriage, children, old age. "We turned from covering the church to challenging it," he says. "I think as we challenged the church, we became more challenging to our audience."

Eleven years later, *Man Alive* is as relevant and provocative as it promised to be in its youth. This fall Bonisteel and a *Man Alive* crew travelled to Italy to film the first public display in 45 years of the Holy Shroud of Turin, Christendom's most venerated and mysterious relic, believed by many to be the burial garment of Jesus of Nazareth. Of the three million people who made the pilgrimage to the six-week exhibition, many were scientists who had come to tackle the mystery of the resurrection of Christ. Armed with a dazzling assortment of technological paraphernalia, they sought the permission of Anastasio Ballestrero, Archbishop of Turin, to collect data for experiments which would possibly solve the mysteries of the linen cloth: its age, its origin—and most important of all, the process by which the image of a crucified man was imprinted on the material.

According to Katherine Smalley, one of *Man Alive*'s five producers, their coverage, co-produced with the French network of the CBC, is the only full documentary made of the event. Capturing the electric quality of the pilgrimage and exposing the back-room politics of the confrontation of the church and the

Faith, hope and CBC

It's enough to reduce Oral Roberts to tears: the only prime-time religious broadcast on North American television, now in its 12th season, with a weekly audience of one million—and the host doesn't even go to church. Roy Bonisteel knows there's a great deal that Oral Roberts would find baffling about CBC's *Man Alive*. "We're in direct contrast to the kind of broadcasting the evangelists subscribe to," he says. "They want a clear-cut, simplified, 'telling me what to do so I can accept God and carry him around in my hip pocket for the rest of time.' We don't do that. We challenge you, we put doubts in your mind, and we don't give you pat answers."

Ironically, and perhaps predictably, the quality which separates *Man Alive* from the mainstream of religious broadcasting is at the same time the key to the show's phenomenal success: a unique disinterest in the business of selling God.

Just one week into this fall's season, Bonisteel proved true to his word. Dur-

ing an interview with Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan, Bonisteel asked if Ryan had been "guided by the hand of God" in his decision to run for the leadership. When Ryan replied that indeed he had, religion resurfaced as a political issue in Quebec for the first time in years. For several weeks Ryan was the butt of considerable lampooning from members of the Parti Québécois, references to his "divine connection" proliferating in all forms of the media. If the incident had questionable consequences for Ryan, it certainly did no harm to Bonisteel's popularity as mail flooded in congratulating him on the interview.

Bonisteel 101. It should be a requisite for first-year theology students: hair colored that snowy grey, exercise to broaden the shoulders, and, most crucial, larynx transplants for that voice with inflections potent enough to convert the heathen.

Bonisteel himself does not adhere to any religious denomination and, not surprisingly, has never been a fan of denominational programming. His first

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scientists, *The Shroud of Turin*, (CBC Monday, Nov. 13, 10:30 p.m.) questions the worship of relics in the 20th century and challenges the position of science as the one true arbiter of faith.

Not all people respond favorably to *Man Alive's* brand of religion. There are those who find Bonisteel preachy and self-righteous. Particularly antagonistic are the fundamentalist Christians



The 'face of Christ' on the Turin shroud

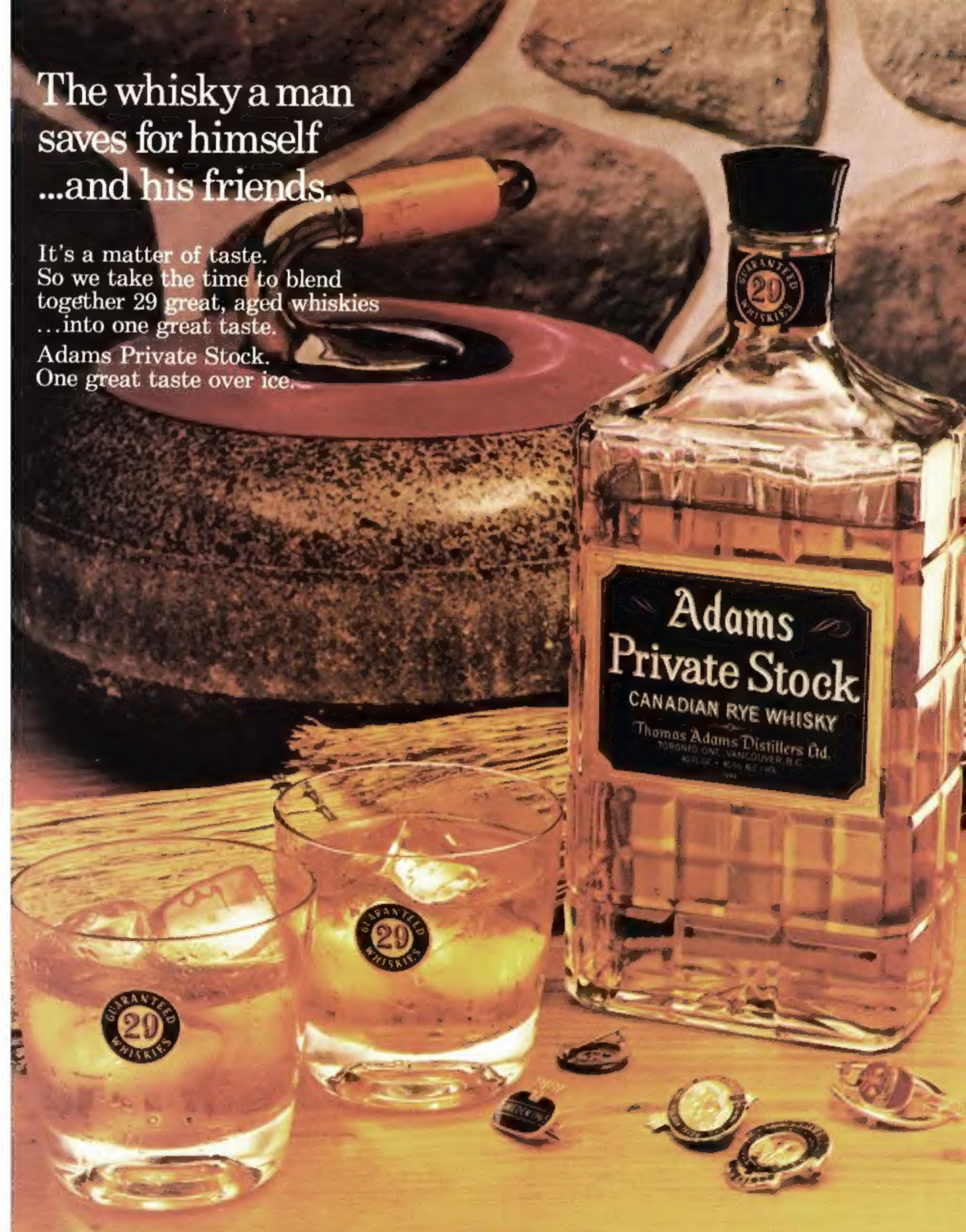
who find the program fraudulent, calling the producers "pagan humanists." Bonisteel is quick to point out that *Man Alive* is a religious program, not a Christian one. His own sense of religion is broad: "It is a faith in oneself, in one's fellow man, a feeling that people generally want to do what is right, what is fair, what is honest, what is good. I believe that everyone has a religious dimension and I think that you can tap that religious dimension."

Bonisteel, 48, still works on a contract basis and has refused the many offers of an office in the CBC's Bay Street building. He likes it that way, avoiding the politics and enjoying the freedom to spend time on his farm, 50 acres near Trenton in eastern Ontario where he grew up. Separated from his wife, Donna, he sees a lot of his three children, all now living on their own. As he speaks of their visits and about his neighbors, many of them childhood friends, his long jean-clad legs unfurl, his eyes soften, and there is a curious reverence to his voice. Rabbi, minister, priest, and psychiatrist—Bonisteel's mail reveals that he is all these things and more to his viewers. "People see what they want to see," he says with a shrug. "In fact, I'm just a broadcaster." Ann Johnston

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Les fillies du roi

In 1665, Louis XIV presented the men of New France with a platoon of women called *les Filles du Roi* and a dozen long-legged horses. The pioneer women proliferated, but the offspring of those first French horses have dwindled from a healthy herd of 300,000 in the 19th century to today's precarious low of 250—the last of the

up to \$400 for each purebred foal.

But at the same time, fuel prices have prompted renewed appreciation of the heavy workhorse on the farm and in the woods. Canadian registration of newborn Belgians, Percherons, Clydesdales, which peaked in 1937 and bottomed out in the early '70s, is climbing back up. For example, 314 Percheron foals were



registered breed known simply as The Canadian.

Boosters of the breed—a valiant, all-purpose animal used for saddle, carriage and even field work until it fell from favor in the 1850s—have pleaded with the Quebec government to increase its stable of 30 Canadian horses at the Deschambault Experimental Farm, the only real defence against the breed's extinction. "We want The Canadian horse elevated to the status of national breed, if not of Canada then at least of Quebec," says Breed Association President Yves Bernatchez.

The latest equine crisis began three years ago when a cancer scare nicked the market for estrogen, a hormone extracted from the urine of pregnant mares. As a result, 4,000 brood mares on the prairies lost their jobs and some wound up as dog food, and in Quebec many of the 12,000 horses used in estrogen production were slaughtered and packed off to Europe for human consumption. The drastic drop in breeding threatened the quality of Quebec horses, so this year the provincial government stepped in with subsidies of

'Canadians' Katy and Cosmos: foals rush in

registered last year compared to only 98 five years ago.

"A lot of farmers are looking for good horses for winter work, especially feedlot operators in the western United States," reports Conrad Bernier of Quebec's ministry of agriculture. The phenomenon is spreading north into Canada, according to the Alberta government's horse specialist Doug Milligan: "There is a bit of a trend in that direction, but I think most of the people involved have a sentimental interest in the heavy horses." Yearling fillies are fetching up to \$3,000 while before the revival, he says, "the bottom price was 20 cents a pound—for the meat." Demand is so intense that last year Alberta buyers repeated history: they imported a dozen Percherons from France. And there are signs that the Quebec government may come to the rescue of The Canadian so that this season's foals, Cosmos and Katy, will be joined in their pasture on the shores of the St. Lawrence River by at least one more generation.

David Thomas

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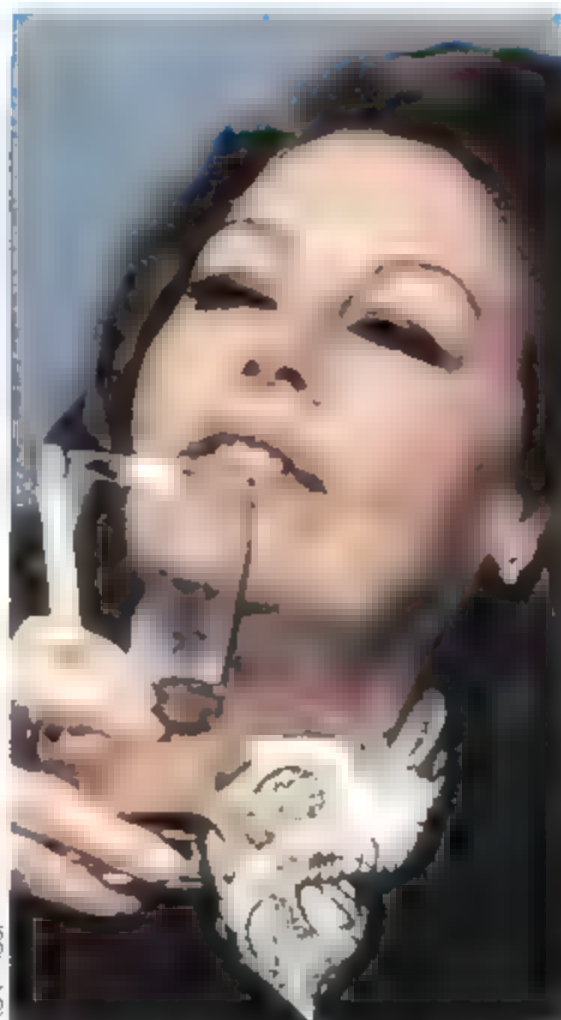


BUY OR LEASE

Art for profit's sake

Peter Newman's editorial, *What is Canada Profited If It Saves a First Full of Dollars and Loses Its Soul?* (Oct. 16), is spot-on in its sentiment. Culture, more than politics or economics, is at the true centre of our national crisis. But what the editorial missed, and governments are slow to recognize, is that cultural investment pays, and pays handsomely. The 1.6 per cent of the federal budget spent on culture triggers a larger economic benefit than any other comparable expenditure. It's time we looked at what we get back in employment, sales, taxes, exports and services, and not just at what we save. If we did that, perhaps there would be less reluctance to invest more heavily in the one area that nurtures our sense of identity. What's more, the artists of this country represent one of the few renewable resources we have, and cultural institutions attract more Canadians than sports does. Cultural activity not only enriches the Canadian spirit, it makes all Canadians richer.

DAVID P. SILCOX, TORONTO



Ava Gardner: not so much a fatality

The People oinked

So, Ava Gardner is "looking slightly doughy around the middle," and "she was so nearsighted she couldn't read the cue cards without her glasses," as well as being dubbed "a femme fatality" (People, Oct. 9). If I was written about in this manner, I would not be in love with the press, either. Believe me, if I look that good at 56, I'll be very happy.

JOANNE OLSON, WINNIPEG

'Seduction ad absurdum'

Professor K. D. McRae of Carleton University takes issue with my statement that "there is no jurisdiction that I know of in the world which makes it a crime to erect billboards, street signs, point-of-sale literature or even menus in any language but the majority language of the country" (Letters, Oct. 16). He cites Switzerland, where he says,

"Italian has had legal priority over other languages on public signs in the Canton of Ticino since 1931," and Flanders in Belgium, which he says "has been officially and legally unilingual since 1932." But he does not make clear the distinction between the language situation of these jurisdictions and the one in Quebec. It is *not* illegal anywhere in Switzerland for people to use other than one language. You can, if you wish, put up a sign in three languages or more and nobody is going to complain or take you to court. The same applies to Belgium where bilingualism is *not* illegal. But even the most casual reading of the terms of Bill 101 in Quebec makes it clear that in various areas the use of any language *except* French is illegal. Bilingual signs are to be illegal. There are exceptions, but the law is clear. It is this form of authoritarianism that I object to. I am sorry to see that people like McRae have been seduced by Parti Québécois propaganda which is clearly intended to play down this authoritarian aspect of the language bill.

PIERRE BERTON, TORONTO

Wimpophobia

After reading William Casselman's column, *Where Are the Males of Yesterday?* ... (Oct. 9), it seems clear that he is infected with the same disease that is becoming widespread among men: wimp-paranoia. To suggest that because of two television shows which may actually depict men as human beings men are being castrated, is absurd.

JANE MILLAR, LAKE LOUISE, ALTA

Spendthrift in power

Peter Newman makes an attempt to deny John Turner in his editorial, *Prince Charming at the Corner Table* (Oct. 9). One statement, however, cries out for comment. "The decade he (John Turner) spent in cabinet opposing higher federal expenditures has suddenly made his brand of politics popular again." Surely even as charitable an observer as Newman must see that Turner presided as finance minister over an unprecedented federal spending binge during the 44 months he held office, which saw our budget go from approximately \$16.6 billion in the fiscal year 1972 to \$32.2 billion in the fiscal year 1976—an increase in excess of 94 per cent, on main estimates. If Newman has any convincing evidence to substantiate his statement that Turner did, for 10

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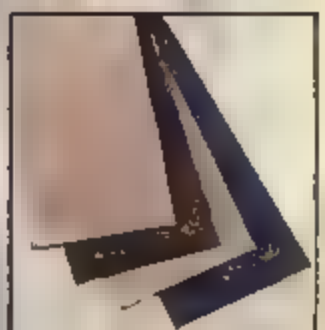
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years, oppose higher federal expenditures, one tends to reach the conclusion that he was probably a singularly ineffective and weak advocate for financial responsibility.

ELMER MACKAY, MP, CENTRAL NOVA

For Russia with Love

In her column, *How to Live with Cuts in the Arts* . . . (Oct. 16), Barbara Amiel writes. "Without their great artists, Russia might be recalled only as a country of half-drunk murderers and Germany as a country of very sober ones." Even within the context of poetic licence the intelligent reader can divine the true intent of such vituperative expression: to slander, malign and vilify an entire people.

DOROTHEA BLAIR, FRANCIS R. BLAIR,
REXDALE, ONT.

The French Line

I wonder if the doom and gloom of David Thomas' and Graham Fraser's obituary for bilingualism, *The Noble Experiment that Did Not Work* (Oct. 16), is, like the news of Mark Twain's death, somewhat exaggerated. What is really at issue here is not a vision, doomed to failure or otherwise, but a set of realities. Even Richard Joy does not predict the demise of sizable minority populations in the bilingual belt from Moncton to Sudbury. Even Léon Dion does not deny the need for "official bilingualism at the federal level" in the midst of his "two unilingualisms." As for the internal workings of the federal public service, perhaps your writers should make up their minds. Is the effort to make French a normal language of work a complete flop, or have we progressed from the bad old days to a point where, as they themselves put it, "now it is taken for granted in many departments that civil servants can file reports—and be evaluated—in their mother tongue?" Don't get me wrong. There is no room for complacency in this business, and there is a long way to go before any of those involved will have any cause for self-satisfaction. However, I think the article does a disservice by seeming to suggest that there is a magic solution, which Canadians have failed to find. Such simplistic answers ignore the human aspect of the problem and undercut those individuals across the country who are working to develop mutual respect between the two language groups.

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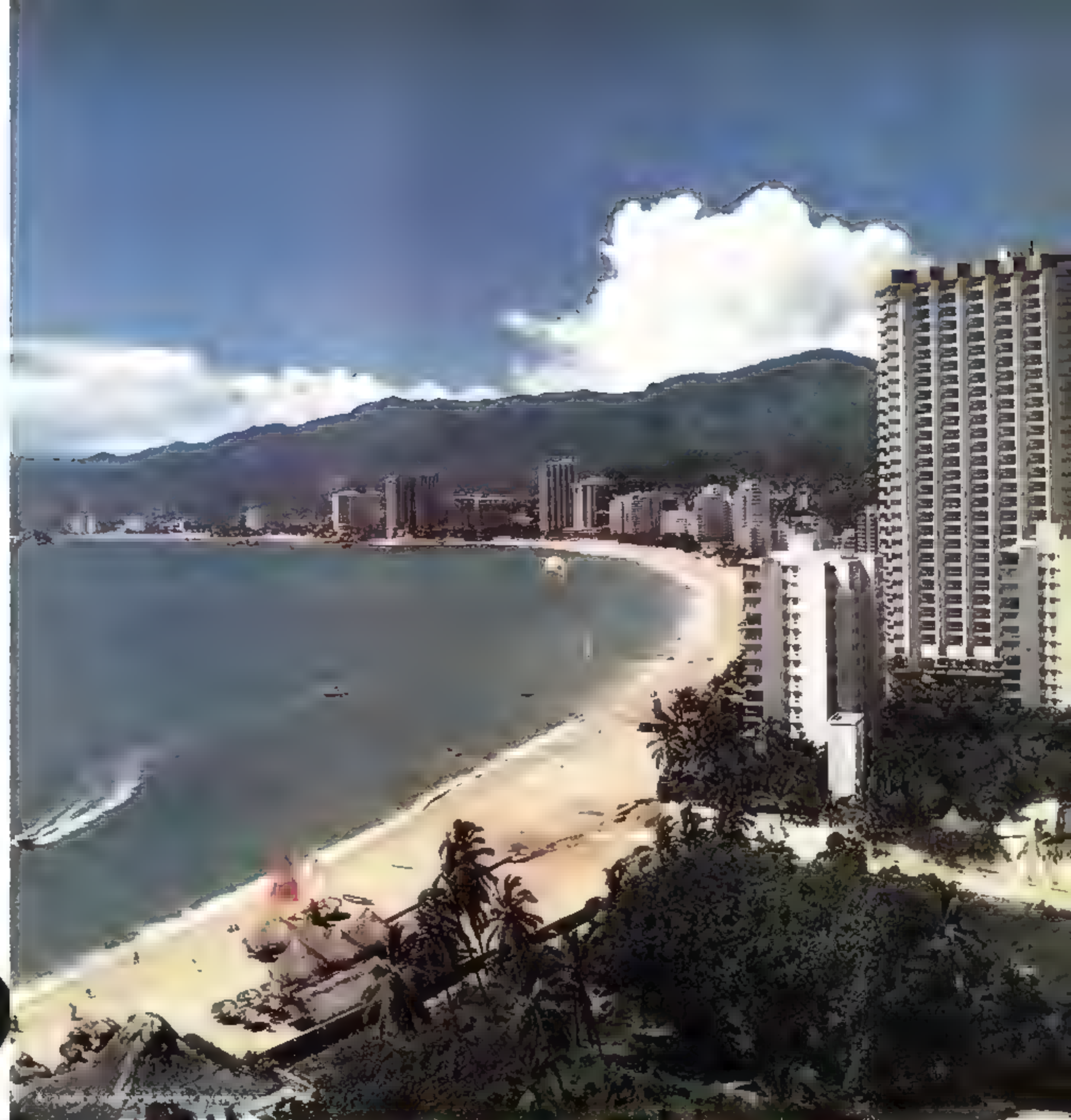
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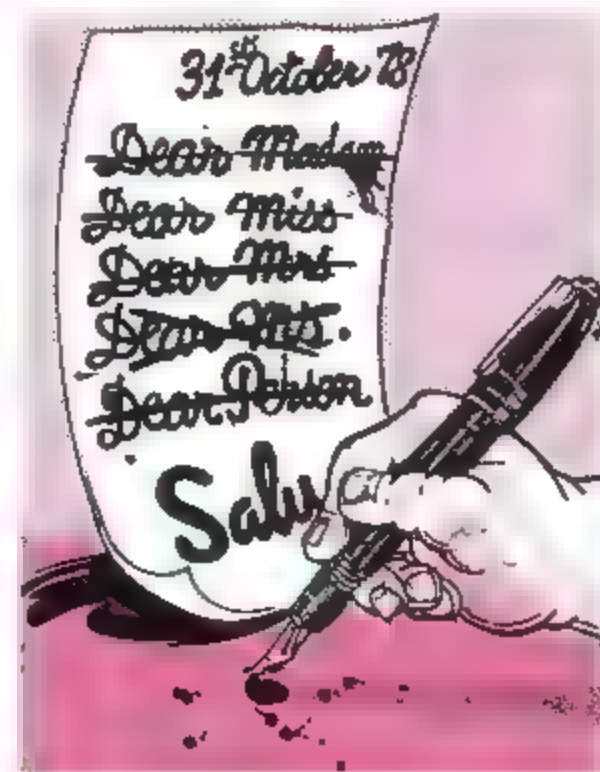


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Tam Deachman is a 60-year-old Vancouver public relations man who also likes to promote his own ideas. For free. From time to time, some enthusiasm seizes the short, ebullient Deachman, and he just has to spread the word. In the mid-'60s, for instance, he inundated radio stations all over



North America with his plan to "help a stranger." The intention was to make people think about the nature of Christmas, and to find inventive ways to be charitable.

Around the same time, Deachman also galloped into the Canadian flag debate by proposing a design that would feature an "equals" sign, to stress equality (of opportunity, and among regions) as the essence of Canadianism. More recently, he wrote *What Every American Should Know About Canada*, which has sold 20,000 copies so far—the only self-promoted concept that has made Deachman any money.

His latest conceptual salvo is a solution to that malingering form of address in business correspondence, "Dear Sir"—usually directed to someone who is neither dear, nor, increasingly, a sir. On a little printed card he slips into his correspondence, Deachman suggests an alternative greeting, "salu," a word he coined with roots echoing salutations in French, Spanish, Latin and Italian. It is, Deachman says, "short, simple, friendly and courteous." No "Salu!" billboards or Saluburger chains are planned, Deachman just says to pass it on. ♡

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A virtuoso embarks on the big time

He likes old movies and waxes eloquent over Chinese restaurants, but what really sends André Laplante into rapture is playing the piano. And, not surprisingly, there are a lot of other people who are enraptured by the young Canadian's wizardry on the keyboard. The lanky, prematurely grey, 29-year-old pianist from Rimouski took the music world by storm when he won the silver medal at the Soviet Union's prestigious Tchaikovsky competition last July. The award has propelled such well-known artists as Van Cliburn and Misha Dichter into international orbit.

Soft-spoken and shy, Laplante has yet to develop the showmanship which has long been a hallmark of the great piano virtuosos, but if he lacks their histrionics, he nonetheless possesses their determination. On the eve of his New York debut last month, he did not let the reputation of the Big Apple's exacting audiences shatter his sangfroid. "When I was young I used to wonder what this moment would feel like. But now I feel good. I'm not really nervous," he said. With a slight pause to show he is human after all, André added, "Well, everybody is always a little nervous. The day you're not nervous is the day to worry."

Despite the acclaim that signals his emergence from the ranks of aspiring pianists, Laplante remains level-headed when he talks about the future. "It's not so important to me to be famous," he maintains. "I know I have the equipment and that my career is going well. I don't think about it in bed." Like any good musician he knows that pace and timing can be as important as the right notes in scaling the ladder to success. "You must start the machine slowly," he says. "You need time to think and periods of rest. So many careers are catapulted and they just burn out. You must keep momentum on your side. Like they say in sports, you must be ready to win."

And winning, as Laplante is only too aware, depends on more than nimble fingers in the fiercely competitive world of concert pianists. "You don't become a

superstar by practising 10 hours a day between four walls," he says. "You need people behind you to give you a push. That's where your country is very important. I am very grateful about what Canada has done for me." In addition to enthusiastic audiences, Canadian support has included scholarships and grants and more recently, the sponsorship of his Carnegie Hall debut by the Quebec government.

Appreciative as he is of Canadian



Laplante and Carnegie Hall poster: with a little help from his countrymen

backing, Laplante, who has lived in New York for the last three years, is unwilling to venture into the murky water of national politics. "Because I am a French Canadian, I guess, people are always asking for political comments. But I absolutely refuse to discuss this," he says heatedly. "What I believe in is music. Music pulls people together much more than politics. If I believed in politics, maybe I would have

become a politician."

Who knows what Laplante might have been if his older sister had not started piano lessons. Fascinated by the instrument, André became a student as well. But when the 85-year-old nun who was giving the youngsters instruction confessed André was the superior musician, a family crisis ensued. His sister gave up the instrument and André himself didn't resume playing for six or seven years.

Since then, his concentration has not wavered. Preparing for his New York debut, a repeat of his award-winning Tchaikovsky program, Laplante practised six to seven hours a day. He relaxed with occasional walks through Central Park where he tried out his hand at another precise technique—photography. "I'm just new at this," he laughs. "At least things are now going well enough to buy a camera."

Although they plan to settle permanently in Canada, Laplante and his wife, pianist France de Guise, have at the moment become avid Manhattan boosters. "It's a fantastic city, you can find everything here," says André, who can discuss such niceties as the city's best French kitchen with the ease of an old pro. France, who met André when both studied in Montreal, is continuing her work at the Juilliard School of Music. She maintains that a two-piano family poses no particular problems. "At least we both understand music, so we don't have to spend all our time explaining to each other," she laughs.

Both Laplante's enthusiasm and his resolve were put to the test when a New York critic had some harsh words for his debut. But his confidence remains unshaken, buoyed no doubt by the warm reception he received from the savvy Carnegie Hall audience. "You can't rest your career on the critics. You must always judge yourself," he says. Reflecting philosophically, he shrugs, "If you believe them when they say you are bad, you just might begin to believe them when they say you are good."

Rita Christopher

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A star's best friend may be his lawyer

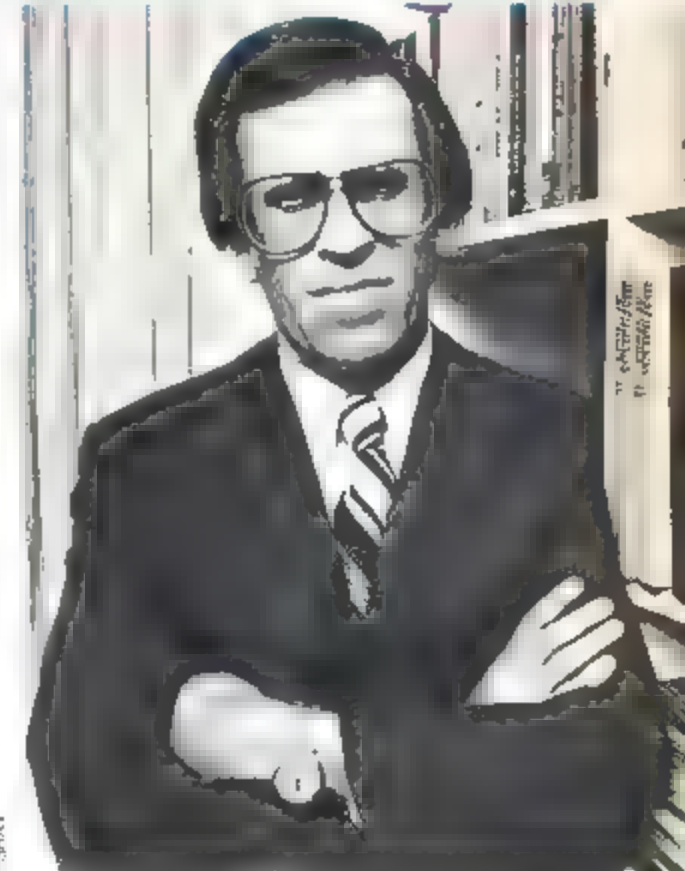
In entertainment, some of your clients are extraordinarily egotistical," New York lawyer Allen Arrow was explaining. "Imagine a 21-year-old man with millions of fans and the ability to buy anything," continued Arrow, who has represented the Rolling Stones and Chuck Berry, among others. "The rewards are instant, but it's a difficult life. It takes a lot of patience and care to handle such a client. The entertainment lawyer has to be a combination of manager, agent, friend and psychiatrist."

But mostly, he has to be a lawyer like other lawyers; a tennis tan is fine, but no grabbing the mike to do a duet with ol' buddy and client Paul Simon. That was one message, and the general impression left by a no-nonsense seminar (at which Arrow was a keynote speaker) presented by the Ontario Branch of the Canadian Bar Association on the representation of athletes and entertainers.

Organizer Peter Steinmetz and panel

moderator Jerry Grafstein, two Canadian lawyers who have taken the plunge into this new and lucrative field, expected about 70 to attend; instead, 250 lawyers and law students crammed a Toronto hotel ballroom to consider topics such as "Techniques and Opportunities for Reducing the Star's Income-Tax Liability." It was a group better attuned to guest speaker and hockey impresario Alan Eagleson than The Eagles, but the hundreds of millions of dollars spent annually in Canadian entertainment and sports revenue were inducement enough to attract lawyers to the business of stardom. And, for a first-year law student immersed in fiduciary relationships and causes for restitution, the legal entanglements of Fleetwood Mac or Bette Davis (*Warner Bros. vs. Nelson, 1937*) are heady stuff.

Judging by the sober tone of the seminar, however, it's unlikely that Volvo loads of QCs will descend upon under-



Grafstein: the work is mundane but there's some ham in every show-biz lawyer

ground clubs in an effort to unearth the hot new clients. Only Frederic Gaines, an L.A. entertainment lawyer whose firm represents John Travolta, Diane

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Keaton and Johnny Carson, showed signs of having been grazed by stars, with his perfect Warren Beatty coiffure and a tailored turquoise corduroy jacket. But even Gaines projected a sombre lawyerly personality free of hip pretensions.

"A star is used to being surrounded by subservient people," said Gaines. "A lawyer can't be that way. You have to be close to your client but you can't let the egos get involved."

The urge to move on from negotiating contracts to marketing T-shirts, however, is strong. "When you have to give a star advice on business, you're awfully tempted to handle it yourself," said Grafstein, whose firm counsels Sylvia Tyson and Glenn Gould. "Someone like Alan Eagleson has become so occupied with the business side that he's had to hire another lawyer to take care of his client's purely legal problems."

The entertainment lawyer handles the more mundane aspects of a performer's career such as contract negotiations, royalty rates and merchandising rights. Agents and managers handle the day-to-day affairs of the star. What separates entertainment and sports from other areas of law is the vulnerability of the client, who is generally not interested in legal matters. Chats about cross-collateralization may not interest a singer like Meatloaf.

Some lawyers will confess to a more than financial interest in the area. "Underneath every entertainment lawyer, there's an element of ham," says Jerry Grafstein, who reveals that he once wrote a song called *L-O-V-E that Spells Love* for a summer camp musical. Steinmetz, a lawyer who specializes in the recording industry, handling the legal problems of Triumph, Marc Jordan, The Good Brothers and The

Irish Rovers, agrees. "You've got to like the product. I've got a thousand records in my living room. You see me now in a dark suit, but I really enjoy hanging around the clubs to see my clients. You've got to see those guys on their own level."

"I went into law for security and independence," says Steinmetz, "but it's turned out to be what I'm interested in. I'm so deeply into the recording industry now that I've got some trepidation approaching a corporate transaction."

Lawyers such as Alan Eagleson who become full-time agents are still a rare breed in Canada. But he may have competition soon. By the afternoon session of the seminar, one middle-aged, blue-suited attorney had quietly moved aside his *Financial Post* to study the entertainment section of *The Toronto Sun*.

Ian Pearson

Hanging on, weekly

Every Friday 15,000 copies of Toronto's French-language newspaper, *L'Express*, are distributed to 200 brown street-corner boxes dotted throughout the downtown area. That, however, is not a fair representation of paid circulation. Not only are there readers who can't bring themselves to deposit the requested 25 cents s.v.p. before taking a paper from an open box, there are also "the francophobes" who, according to *L'Express* publisher Jean Mazaré, "circulate entire boxloads into the garbage."

Life in Toronto has been tough for *L'Express*, and it's getting tougher—not because of any anglo backlash but because its source of funds is drying up. Since it was launched in March, 1976, the paper has had four editors, three overhauls in ideology, two switches in office space and one name change (from *le toronto express*), all of which it survived. But its latest crisis, the loss of most of its advertising revenue as a result of the federal government spending cutbacks last August, may be more than the small weekly can absorb. Toronto's franco-

Desbiens: a part-time struggle to survive



phone community, numbering something over 100,000, may soon be without its own newspaper once again.

L'Express operated during its first few months as an uneasy ménage à trois among the majority owner-publisher Jean Mazaré, first editor Edouard Apanaszewski, and minority shareholder François Taisne. Mazaré and Apanaszewski wanted to create a cultured, well-mannered publication—"a newspaper," says Mazaré, "that would appeal to francophones who have come to Toronto from all over the world." On the other hand Taisne, a doctoral student in political economy from Montreal, had no interest in publishing a local version of the *Sélections du Reader's Digest*. "There were concerns to be tackled on behalf of Franco-Ontarians and Québécois living in Toronto—the absence of French colleges in Ontario, the refusal of the provincial government to allow legal proceedings between francophone litigants in their own language," says Taisne. Apanaszewski, who foresaw a rocky road for *L'Express*, took a detour to Eu-

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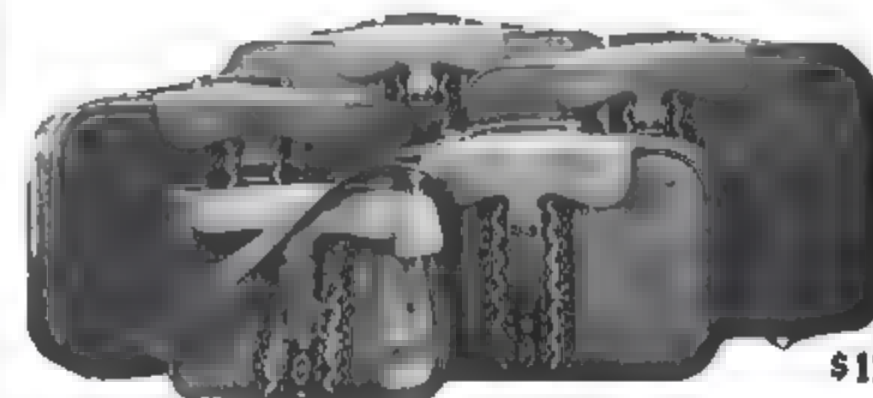
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Preview

To go with blue suede shoes

Fashion couturier Pierre Cardin, whose stylized monogram graces everything from belt buckles to jets, has nominally invaded the automotive industry. In conjunction with Standard Motors of Miami, Cardin plans to start initialing an entire line of custom-styled Cadillacs. For between \$2,500 and \$2,900 extra, your plain \$14,000 to \$22,000 Caddy will be Cardinized, with such nifty options as "pc" logos on the hubcaps, coordinated fur carpeting in the trunk, a set of matched luggage and 24-karat gold Cardin signature plates on four sides of the car. Oh yes, in case the auto proves so distracting you run off the road, Cardin (who drives a beat-up 1959 Porsche) will throw in a highway emergency kit and a free membership to the Pierre Cardin Motor Club.

An uphill pitch

Not only is British Columbia's Whistler Mountain to get the first men's World Cup downhill race (March 9) in Canada's history, it's also about to have a face-lift—or perhaps that's a shave. In the next 10 to 15 years, more than \$250 million of private, federal, provincial and municipal funds will be used to develop the Whistler community, increasing its capacity from 10,000 to 30,000 skiers by the 1980s. (Of this, \$20 million will be used to shear Blackcomb Mountain of trees.) While skiers will hail the expansion, various B.C. groups are beginning to voice opposition. Nationalists are upset that the developer, Fortress Mountain Resorts, is half-

owned by the American Aspen Skiing Corporation. And moralists are already drawing comparisons between the new-look Whistler and the glamorous, Aspen resort where actress Claudine Longet shot her lover Spider Sabich to death in 1976.

Ask me no questions, I'll . . .

Retired FBI agents aren't supposed to tell tales out of school, nor are they allowed to write about their cases without first submitting the manuscript to the FBI for clearance. But there's no law that says they can't talk to writers about their exploits. That's what Charles Bates, the FBI's chief investigator of the Patty Hearst case, did. Ironically, his listener was a hotshot TV writer named Adrian Spies, who paid Bates \$25,000 for the interviews. The result of the collaboration will be a three-hour TV movie dealing with the FBI's 19-month search for the newspaper heiress, which is expected to be aired in early February.

Carey on

New York Governor Hugh Carey's personal happiness may be contingent on his political success. Should the Democrat Carey defeat Republican contender Perry Duryea in the Nov. 7 U.S. elections, he plans to marry 35-year-old divorcee Anne Ford Uzielli, the younger of Henry Ford's two daughters, in the governor's mansion. If he loses? "Who'd want me," said Carey. "My prospects are vague and my future dubious."



Cardin: logos on the hubcaps, an emergency kit thrown in

News

Cover Story

52

Screen gems: beauty meets brains

Gone are the days when a cloud of cigar smoke from a producer or press agent could put the fear of God in a young actress' eyes. Once called starlets, the new hopefuls run their own shows, make their own deals, go for their own goals. Canada has three comers who reflect that post-liberation independence: Céline Lomez, Ann Ditchburn and Helen Shaver share several things: youth, determination, tons of talent and the luxury of being beautiful. These girls of the autumn are models—with feeling—and any one of them, or all of them, could be headed for the stratosphere. Strong-willed and private, they are all three of them pros and scintillatingly seductive. Within the next two weeks Canadians can see all—the next Canadian stars.



Canadian News

27 Lament for a nation—the colony that can't grow up, unspeakable practices, unnatural acts as a retired Mounie gets the third degree, downshifts and detours in the quietened revolution, while the Parti Québécois turns 10 (only its women act as if the fighting isn't over), the shape of Christmas trees to come, and tearful sketches of a little town, unpolitic troubles of an ex-mayor in B.C. and surprise surprise: who's that in the headline? Bill Davis?

38 While Israel's Prime Minister Begin is talking peace, his arms salesman is making a killing. Jimmy Carter, alias Action Man, sets the scene for his 1980 campaign. Jordan's King Hussein tells (exclusively) what upset the Arabs, and in Paris yet another architect of renown has lumbled into Le Trou.

46 Tendered is the Steico pipeline—a backyard tuna fish story. Manulife reaches for No. 1 U.S. moves make Canadian waves.

rope four months after the paper's first run, leaving Mazaré and Taisne to wrestle for control.

Despite the differences, the paper ran successfully for the next year and a half. Publisher Mazaré kept busy trying to steer general interest feature stories from The Canadian Press and Agence France Presse wire services past editor Taisne. Taisne stoked the boilers with as many combustible items on minority rights issues as he could slip past Mazaré. The resulting compromise produced good journalism. Within a year of its inauguration, *L'Express* went from a biweekly with an average of eight pages to a weekly with 20. The staff grew from three to 10. But the price of this productivity was high. "It was impossible to go on working that way," Taisne now acknowledges. "We were fighting every day."

So in January, 1978, the battle-weary Taisne sold his share to Mazaré, who took over as editor and who has continued to supervise the contents of the paper since the hiring in August of the latest editor, Patrice Desbiens (better known in Toronto as the former drummer of the punk rock band The Government).

During the past several months, however, *L'Express* has started to go downhill. The abrasive quality of the paper disappeared, but so did the original stories. The only local item carried regularly by *L'Express* is a guide to French-language television. Instead, the paper contents itself with publishing wire-service retreads on the order of "Paul Newman, the Actor Women Love," or "Peru, Land of 1,001 Marvels."

Still, *L'Express* would have chugged along indefinitely if not for the drastic effect of the government spending cutbacks. "We lost ads from Radio-Canada, the Canadian Forces and Manpower," says Mazaré, "ads which were our main source of income." Apart from Desbiens, who works part-time, the staff has been reduced to one secretary, also part-time, and a layout man. In October the paper moved back into the basement offices it occupied before vacating them temporarily last January. And at the end of the month, The Canadian Press came to pick up its teletype machine, up-to-the-minute news was too expensive a commodity at \$450 a month.

"We will keep going even if we publish only a four-page paper," vows Mazaré, but for readers who recall the energetic, 20-page journal of a year ago, *L'Express* may be running out of steam.

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Lament for a nation: the colony that can't grow up

By Ian Urquhart

It all started back in 1926. That was the year the British Imperial Conference, meeting in London, declared Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, Ireland, New Zealand and South Africa to be equal in status with Great Britain itself. The next year, Ottawa summoned the provinces to a follow-up meeting to discuss ways to "patriate" the Canadian constitution, which was still an act of the British Parliament (the British North America Act) in spite of the declaration of the Imperial Conference. But the provinces and Ottawa could not agree on a formula for bringing the constitution to Canada. Last week, they tried again, the eighth such attempt since the 1927 failure. But they could agree to little more than to meet again, in February. Until then, at least, the constitution will remain in Britain and Canada will be, in the words of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, "the only country which, in a legal sense, is still a colony."

For most Canadians, whose interest in the constitution is roughly on a par with their concern for Italian cabinet shuffles, the failure to agree on a simple thing like patriating the constitution must seem puzzling. But it is not patriation that has proven so contentious. Rather, it is the division of powers between Ottawa and the provinces. Provinces that want more power for themselves, notably Quebec and, latterly, Alberta, fear that if they agree to patriation they will lose their biggest bargaining chip. Alberta is also concerned that it would not have a veto over changes in a patriated constitution, as it assumes it has now with the BNA Act.

Despite these obstacles there was a moment on the morning of the second day of last week's conference when agreement seemed possible. In the midst of a discussion over the division of powers, Trudeau sprang a seven-point plan on the premiers that won immediate approval. He proposed limiting federal powers in such areas as communications, family law and social security, and increasing provincial powers in the fields of resources and taxation. Eight of the 10 premiers were



Moore, Lyon, Blakeney, Trudeau, Campbell, Davis, Lévesque, Buchanan, Bennett, Hatfield (standing) and Loughheed like girls who have agreed to go steady, only.

delighted. "We got some real treats," enthused B.C.'s Bill Bennett. "I sense a degree of flexibility that I haven't seen before," added Ontario's Bill Davis. The only sour notes were struck by Quebec's René Lévesque and Alberta's Peter Lougheed, who is drawing closer to Lévesque's separatist stance every day with his strident provincialism. Both men noted that parts of Trudeau's plan had been offered before, during the last round of constitutional talks in 1968-71. But even they grudgingly conceded some change in Ottawa's position. Said

Lévesque: "At last, something seems to be moving a little."

But the hopes for agreement quickly began to fade that night as the premiers assembled at 24 Sussex Drive, where they were greeted by Trudeau's estranged wife, Margaret, visiting her three children on Halloween. Over a dinner of roast lamb, Trudeau began sounding out the premiers on a package deal involving both his seven-point plan on the division of powers and patriation. The provinces reacted like a girl who has agreed to go steady only to find

Where the Fathers of Refederation stand

	Major shift of power to provinces	Constitutional right to education in French or English	Constitutional Bill of Rights	Senate reform
Pierre Trudeau	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Bill Bennett (B.C.)	No	No	No	Yes
Allan Blakeney (Sask.)	No	Yes	No	Won't say
John Buchanan (N.S.)	No	Won't say	Maybe	Maybe
Bennett Campbell (P.E.I.)	No	Yes	Yes	No
Bill Davis (Ont.)	No	Yes	Yes	Maybe
Richard Hatfield (N.B.)	No	Yes	Yes	No
René Lévesque (Que.)	Yes	No	No	No
Peter Lougheed (Alta.)	Yes	No	No	No
Sterling Lyon (Man.)	No	Yes	No	Maybe
Frank Moores (Nfld.)	No	Yes	Yes	No

out her boy-friend has already set the wedding date.

Lévesque was the most vociferous opponent of Trudeau's proposed package. He insisted the division of powers must come first, patriation later. Trudeau noted that such a timetable would mean asking the British Parliament to amend the constitution, a humiliating exercise. But Lévesque was adamant.

The dinner broke up after barely two hours, but the debate resumed the next morning in front of the television cameras at the conference. In a display of withering logic that was reminiscent of his televised debate with then-Quebec premier Daniel Johnson a decade earlier, Trudeau ridiculed Lévesque's position. But Lévesque responded just as effectively with a barrage of quips and acid remarks. He accused Trudeau of issuing an "ultimatum" that he knew was unacceptable to Quebec. Replied Trudeau: "Mr. Lévesque is issuing the ultimatum. He is saying, 'Unless you give me everything I want, I will not allow you to patriate the constitution.'" Trudeau then turned to the other premiers for support, but only New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield came to the rescue, saying he found Quebec's argument hard to understand. Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney and Davis of Ontario, two peacemakers whose lead is usually followed by the other provinces, both tried to dissuade Trudeau from making patriation a precondition for constitutional reform. Re-acted Trudeau: "I'm a little puzzled. Since at least 1976, you [the premiers, have been attaching preconditions (of your own) but you don't like it when we have preconditions."

The argument spilled over into the private lunch that had been arranged for the premiers and Trudeau to discuss

the wording of the communiqué to be issued by the conference. Over a cold fish plate, the dispute soon spread from the division of powers and patriation to other issues, such as the inclusion of a bill of rights and language rights in a new constitution. The 11 men even began haggling over whether the communiqué should say that constitutional reform is both "urgent" and "important" or just one or the other. Finally, an exasperated Trudeau stopped pressing for agreement on a large package and settled for a thin, two-page communiqué that set a date for the next meeting and empowered a committee of federal and provincial ministers to search for agreement where Trudeau and the premiers could find none.

Afterward Trudeau and some of the premiers were upset with the judgment of the press that the conference had failed. Snapped Hatfield: "What did you expect? For the Queen to be here herself to hand out the constitution?" Added Trudeau: "I'm happy with the progress we've made. We really didn't feel it would be useful to try to nail down every comma and semicolon of what we said in the last few days."

In fact, however, the original communiqué, drafted by federal officials and obtained by *Maclean's*, did attempt to detail specific areas of agreement between Trudeau and the premiers. Over 10 pages, it spelled out Trudeau's seven-point program for a new division of powers, suggested a method of enacting a bill of rights and language rights in the constitution, set out targets for reforming the Senate and the Supreme Court, and singled out nine areas where federal and provincial jurisdictions overlap for immediate attention. On the touchy issue of patriation, the draft communiqué stated:

"The first ministers agreed in principle that patriation of the constitution, with an appropriate procedure for amendment, is a desirable goal and should be pursued urgently." Noted Alberta's Lougheed: "The draft tried to record things that didn't happen."

Despite the scrapping of the draft communiqué, the conference was not a complete disaster from Ottawa's point of view. Trudeau did succeed in portraying himself as a man ready to make a deal rather than, as some provincial premiers and federal Conservative leader Joe Clark have charged, a staunch defender of the status quo. With skilful questioning and prodding during the conference, he also broke down the image of the provinces as a team united against Ottawa. It soon became apparent there are more divisions among the provinces on the various constitutional issues than there are factions in the Middle East (see chart). Henceforth it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the premiers to lay all the blame on Trudeau for lack of progress in constitutional talks.

Finally, Trudeau succeeded in smoking out Lévesque, who had intended to keep his head down at the conference without actually agreeing to any proposal that might undercut his bid for independence. Lévesque could not resist responding when Trudeau talked of patriation. It was, however, the Quebec premier's only slip at the conference. Acknowledged Trudeau: "He played his role and he played two different parts: federalism from working."

Some premiers and the federal Conservatives argue that, faced with Lévesque's intransigence on the matter of patriation, Trudeau should give in and agree on a package that involves only the division of powers in time for the

referendum in Quebec Says Flora MacDonald, the Conservatives' constitutional critic: "He's got to decide whether or not he wants to provide some real ammunition to the federalists in Quebec before the referendum. He defeats his own argument [against separation] unless he's prepared to move now on the division of powers." MacDonald suggests Trudeau is allowing his personal pride to cloud his judgment on the issue of patriation.

Trudeau addressed that suggestion in a post-conference interview last week with CTV's Craig Oliver. Said the prime minister: "People seem to think that it's something I need very badly—to bring the constitution home. I don't need it any more than you do, Craig. I just think it's a good thing for Canada. In all this conference, just about everything I did was either limiting the federal powers or giving them up, not for something in exchange for the federal government, but something in exchange for the Canadian people."

If the next constitutional conference in February fails to agree on patriation, Trudeau may decide to bring it back anyway, without unanimous consent but with the support of a majority of provinces. To legitimize the process, he may also ask the public to vote on the question in a referendum. Indeed, a bill giving the government the power to hold referendums on such questions has already been introduced in Parliament, and Trudeau made several references to "letting the people decide" during last week's conference.

First, however, the people will have to decide to give the Trudeau government another mandate, a prospect that looks increasingly unlikely as the pollsters report their findings (see box below). There have been suggestions Trudeau could turn the election itself into a referendum by campaigning for a mandate to hold Canada together if the February constitutional conference fails to reach agreement. But Trudeau's close advisers are telling him that this approach would not work because Canadians are more concerned about the economy than the constitution. The only alternative to losing may be resignation before the next election. Trudeau was asked about this in the CTV interview.

"Are you going to quit?"

"Well, I'm going to quit pretty soon. Stop asking me questions."

"Are you going to stay with it, for the rest of the winter, into the federal election?"

"Of course I will."

"For sure?"

"Why would I give myself the trouble of setting up a conference, which is going to report in February, if I didn't think I'd be around for it?"

Ottawa

Unspeakable practices, unnatural acts

It was fleeting, but for spectators at the McDonald inquiry into the RCMP last week, it was there for all to see: Commissioner Guy Gilbert actually closed his eyes. As he opened them wide seconds later, it looked as if Gilbert expected the scene before him to have disappeared. But no, there in his fifth long day of testimony sat former RCMP commissioner William Higgitt, expounding in flat, gravelly tones—all the while frustrating the hearing with his imprecisions. At one point during cross-examination on day six, Gilbert remarked impatiently to Higgitt: "I don't think we're on the same wavelength."

And so it appeared as Higgitt, with an air of casualness, tossed off repeated, headline-grabbing accounts that ministers knew all along about possible RCMP lawbreaking—but then failed to back them up. The most celebrated example of the week was a letter that former solicitor-general Warren Allmand wrote to Conservative MP Allan Lawrence in December, 1973, which stated: "I have been assured by the RCMP that it is not their practice to intercept the private mail of anyone."

Last February Higgitt testified before the Keable Commission* in Montreal "with absolute or with almost positive certainty" that the letter had not been prepared by the RCMP. In fact it was passed to Allmand by Security Service Director Michael Dare. But even after that new information forced him to change his story before McDon-

ald, Higgitt last week argued that the RCMP letter is "still correct." His reason: mail opening by the Security Service took place eight or nine times a year and "this in my judgment is not a practice."

Then, pouring more fuel on his blaze,



Higgitt: not quite on the same wavelength

Higgitt went on to suggest that Allmand knowingly misled Lawrence. "As a matter of fact," Higgitt testified, "the practice was very often that ministers' letters were not exactly drafted on pre-

cise statements of fact. The practice would be to explain the whole circumstance to the minister and then say, 'Mr. Minister, here is a draft which we suggest you might find suitable to send.'"

Allmand was livid about Higgitt's testimony. "That is absolutely wrong," he told *Maclean's*. "Never did they [RCMP] tell me they were opening mail. As a matter of fact when I asked them, on several occasions, they said they did not." Allmand can barely wait to make these assertions under oath before McDonald because, as he puts it, "my reputation has been under a cloud." In fact, Allmand plans to cite several examples publicly of instances when the Mounties misled him. Is he then planning to take the gloves off? "You're bloody right I am."

Lawrence and a former constituent, Wally Keeler of Toronto, were equally irate. The intent of the letter, Lawrence declared, "was to mislead me, and I'm sure it misled Mr. Keeler." Keeler, a self-styled poet, had the idiosyncratic habit of addressing letters to friends using only their social insurance numbers and postal codes. Keeler claims that two Mounties arrived on his doorstep one day with one of his letters and Keeler took his complaint about mail tampering to Lawrence.

Last Friday it was Lawrence's turn to protest. In the Commons he demanded a parliamentary investigation because, he said, his effectiveness had been damaged by government information. "If it had not been false," said Lawrence, "I would have continued to ask questions." Speaker James Jerome planned to rule this week.

Yves Fortier, the Montreal lawyer representing former solicitor-general Jean-Pierre Goyer, also attempted to knock down Higgitt's earlier assertions that ministers knew about mail opening. Choosing his words carefully at Judge David McDonald's urging, Fortier asked Higgitt if "specifically" he had ever discussed with Goyer "the fact that the RCMP was intercepting and opening mail." Higgitt: "I simply can't give [that assurance] with that precision. To do so would be stretching my memory beyond what I would be prepared to do."

Higgitt stuck by previous claims that ministers knew that Security Service operatives sometimes had to break the law in the line of duty. "Whether the acts were 'legal' is a matter for others to decide," said Higgitt. "But in fact they were not done without the general knowledge of political masters."

Higgitt asserted that in the "desperate" days of the early 1970s, with "the threat" of violent upheaval on the anniversary of the October Crisis, "we were being required by the government to get certain information." Any RCMP com-

missioner who said no, would not last long. Questioned closely by McDonald, Higgitt allowed that "there are circumstances when the urgency of a request from government would make transgressions of the law acceptable." But, he testified, "we didn't say to ourselves, 'we have to break the law—so let's get on with it.'" Would an RCMP commissioner, McDonald wondered, ever refuse instructions because it would involve lawbreaking? "Yes," Higgitt replied, "he might do that, and I think that was done, sir."

On that intriguing note the inquiry

the main issue last week was Higgitt's credibility. One reporter went so far as to chat privately with Higgitt to see if the man might be senile—which, at a vigorous 61, he clearly isn't. Government lawyer Joe Nuss tried a Perry Masonesque line of questioning which sought to establish that Higgitt was taking his oath less seriously before an inquiry than he would in a court of law. "Evidence is evidence," Higgitt replied under repeated grilling. Finally, referring to his evidence on the Allmand letter before Keable, Higgitt conceded that "truthful and accurate could be two



Nuss and Allmand's counsel Raymond Barakett: must absolute truth be accurate?

moved behind closed doors, where Higgitt was cross-examined further on a packet of top-secret government documents which, Higgitt claims, back up his evidence about ministerial knowledge of RCMP wrongdoing. Lawyers for Allmand and Goyer are confident the paper does not support Higgitt, and they want the evidence in public. Eventually, the McDonald commission will decide how much, if any, of the documentation will be revealed.

On the basis of his public appearance,

different things. It was the absolute truth at that moment. One can have his memory refreshed." Nuss: "The absolute truth, but not accurate?" Higgitt: "Well, I can agree with that."

Given his background, Higgitt's fine distinction was surprising. He was the top of his class after basic training in Regina and, as an intelligence officer during the Gouzenko spy trials in the 1940s, Higgitt was commended for his preparation of briefs and presentation of evidence. "He's a puzzle," sighed one government advocate. "He makes Guy LaFleur look like he skates in mud."

Robert Lewis

How lucky can a loser get?

It is almost as if people are hoping that if the present government disappears the problem will as well.

That gloomy assessment of the Trudeau government last week was unremarkable except in one respect—the messenger was Goldfarb Consultants of Toronto, the firm that does private polls for the federal Liberal party instead of the

usual confidential assessment to his political clients. Goldfarb took his views to *The Toronto Star* which published them on page 3.

The same day as it happened results of the latest Gallup appeared on page 1. For the first time since January 1977 Joe Clark's Conservatives led the Liberals 42 to 37 (NDP strength remains at 17). Trudeau tried to make the best of the worst of times. "It's pretty darn lucky I didn't call a general election," he said. "It shows I know something about politics, eh?" But nothing that Goldfarb hadn't told him already.

Robert Lewis



Downshifts and detours in the quietened revolution

By David Thomas

The chill autumn air swirling down from the mountain carries an eerie quiet to the once frenetic core of Montreal. Two years ago, downtown streets were smothered in the dust and roar of a building boom. Now the skyline is shaved clean of the spindly construction cranes which vanished with the passing of the Olympic Games and the election of a Parti Québécois government. The shock has subsided. But Quebec, like the sensitive metabolism of its metropolis, is frozen in suspended animation, waiting for a change in drift of uncertain winds that so far bode ill both for true believers in independence and their adversaries, the stalwarts of Canadian unity.

Halfway through its mandate the

Parti Québécois has undoubtedly delivered on its promise of good government, efficiently functioning public auto insurance, labor peace, free drugs for older citizens and free dentistry for children under 14, exemplary financial housekeeping and the elimination of political corruption have all been implanted with remarkable dexterity. But, to the PQ's consternation, good government did not induce massive popular clamoring for independence. Nor, to the chagrin of federalists, did two years of the Parti Québécois in power kindle a new passion for Canada.

Hence the masquerade. Independence is suddenly, in public at least, anathema to its once-implacable partisans, while federalists rush to defend Quebec's national rights. Costuming his formula for sovereignty-association as a para-

gon of reason and moderation, Premier René Lévesque derides independence as "a total rupture." His education minister, Jacques-Yvan Morin, considered one of the cabinet's nationalist hard liners, keeps a straight face saying "Sovereignty association is the opposite of separatism." But the unchallenged master of doublespeak is the (professorial) and Machiavellian Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs Claude Morin. In the same breath, with a serene self-assurance that would hypnotize a lie detector, Morin jures the weary by decrying the "brutal separation and stupid isolation of Quebec," while reassuring true believers. "The final and ultimate objective remains the sovereignty of Quebec. There have merely been some adjustments in the route."

In fact, that route has suffered a

The backseat drivers who won't let up

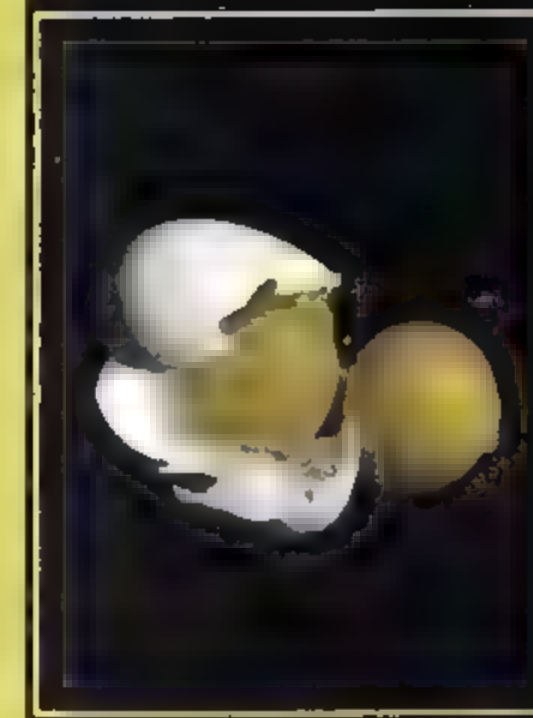
The 300 chic women who gathered in the national assembly's Salon Rouge last week to watch Premier René Lévesque receive the recommendations of the Council on the Status of Women report, *Égalité et indépendance*, certainly did not look like agitators. Nor did the audience of housewives and careerists who packed an auditorium in Montreal to hear Consumer Affairs Minister Lise Payette and chanteuse Pauline Julien celebrate 10 years of activity by women in the Parti Québécois. But it is clear that while nationalists and elitists have lowered their voices and moderated their tone since the PQ took power two years ago, the women have only begun to make their demands on the body politic. From sexual discrimination to abortion to day care, women are making themselves felt in the Parti Québécois and in Quebec society at large as a pressure group that has not subsided with the declining momentum of the women's movement in the rest of North America.

As nationalists become absorbed in the quagmire of referendum strategy and leftists increasingly fragment themselves, feminist issues have become part of the artistic vanguard. Pauline Julien, who used to sing the strident songs of nationalist solidarity, now sings almost exclusively about women and the artistic controversy of the year swirls around cancellation of a grant to the production of feminist playwright Denise Boucher's frankly liberationist *Les fées ont soif* (*The Fairies Are Thirsty*). Feminist leaders in the PQ are pleased with their emergence as the ginger group. "Perhaps there isn't a left wing in the Parti Québécois, but thank goodness there are women," says Louise Harel, president of the often-dissident region of Montreal Centre

and an outspoken critic of Lévesque's don't-rock-the-boat moderation. Harel and PQ executive Louise Thiboutot were key figures in the drive at the last party congress to approve a motion favoring a much more liberal policy on a woman's right to abortion. It was passed to the surprise, annoyance and embarrassment of Lévesque and male cabinet colleagues. Personally opposed to abortion, Lévesque was appalled at the prospect of his party's taking a position that would split the population when abortion is not even within provincial jurisdiction. Of all the powers Que-

bec wants to wrest from Ottawa, abortion and capital punishment are at the bottom of the list.

Pour les Québécoises: égalité et indépendance



Report and Julien: a very nice situation

bec wants to wrest from Ottawa, abortion and capital punishment are at the bottom of the list.

Payette makes it clear that she is not going to let the wide-ranging recommendations of the Council on the Status of Women die on the shelf. Although the council is formally just an advisory body, Payette succeeded in gaining participation of senior civil servants from 12 ministries and is responsible for drawing up a meta-

cover. Other men may feel equally strongly about the contents. But Payette is gleefully preparing herself for battle and already has an interesting test case: MNA Denise Leblanc is pregnant. Will she get maternity leave? Payette wonders? Or day care at the national assembly? She can hardly wait to find out. "It will be a very, very nice situation."

Graham Fraser

wrenching detour around an insurmountable obstacle: popular support for independence has actually waned since the PQ took power, euphoric in the faith that, once legitimized as government policy, independence would rapidly win the hearts and minds of the voters. That did not happen. So, choosing minor victory over major defeat, the government decided to avoid even the word independence in its constitutional referendum to be held a year or, at most, 18 months from now. Instead, voters will be asked to give the government "a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association." Even its opponents concede the government can win such a referendum because Quebecers, though not ready to give the provincial government au-

thority to declare independence unilaterally, are anxious to see Quebec get a much greater chunk of autonomy within the country. Seven private opinion polls conducted over the past year by the pro-federalist Pre-referendum Committee (see box, overleaf) show a remarkably stable 52 per cent of Quebec voters already willing to accord such a mandate.

Thus, Liberal leader Claude Ryan has cast aside his dragon slayer's sword to take up a less offensive flyswatter, balancing his laborious and so far yawning criticism of the PQ with ringing demands for a "special status" for Quebec and a defence of the province's right to self-determination. "We affirm, unequivocally, the right of the

Quebec people to decide, democratically and without constraint from within or without, whatever conforms to its aspirations and best interests."

Not surprisingly, the drift of both sides towards ambiguity has provoked discord in each camp, especially among the Liberals' beleaguered members of the national assembly who complain that Ryan rarely deigns to talk to them and that his graceless treatment of his leadership rival, Raymond Garneau, has deeply split the party. The cooling of Ryan's federalist fervor has aroused suspicion within the cause, and then last week the newspaper that Ryan had dominated as publisher rebuked him for acting more like an editorialist than a politician. *Le Devoir* also reported that

New front for the back-room boys: unity

Simultaneously in six minor colleges across Montreal students file into auditoriums where they will divide their attention between the contents of their lunch bags and the words of Parti Québécois ministers. The cabinet emissaries are there to see the government's watered-down sovereignty-association scheme to the young and educated, a political stratum the PQ likes to believe belongs nonconvertibly to the cause of independence. But infiltrators are present. Planted in each of the six auditoriums are two-member teams of scouts — spies discreetly taping the ministerial mouthings.

Mission accomplished. The scouts deliver their tapes for analysis to a large but anonymous house high on Mountain Street where vestiges of old affluent English Montreal still cling for security to the fringes of McGill University. Inside 3690 Mountain Street is the makeshift jumble of mismatched furniture, unconcealed telephone cables and half-eaten take-out food that clutters political committee rooms everywhere. This one is the nerve centre of the federalist Pre-referendum Committee, the nascent electoral machine preparing to counter the Parti Québécois in the campaign leading up to Quebec's constitutional referendum. So far the committee has escaped all but the most cursory public attention.

Ostensibly the Pre-referendum Committee is an alliance of 14 political parties and national unity groups. In fact it is dominated by agents of the federal and provincial Liberal party. Its president is Michel Robit, the lawyer protecting the interests of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's cabinet before the McDonald Royal Commission into RCMP wrongdoing. The federal Liberals also graciously relinquished Jean-Pierre

Mongeau, director general of their Quebec machine, who is the Pre-referendum Committee's chief political strategist. And from the Quebec Liberals comes Ronald Poir, part to hammer and bolt together a classical vote trap. For all the grandiloquent talk of national destiny spewing forth from both sides, Quebec's referendum campaign is shaping up as a traditional electoral bout between clever advertising men, benevolent olive-oil-flickers and slick back-roomers. Already in the bag is a complete anti-



Robit toward a classical vote trap

PQ ad campaign prepared in case the government decides to call a snap referendum before next fall. Designs for posters and billboards are dominated by a bold Non

Money is no problem. Because the Pre-referendum Committee is not a political party, it escapes the financing controls governing its PQ adversary. Corporations

that consider Confederation good for business gladly hand over thick wads of cash to the committee's prestigious squad of bagmen. Bell Canada Chairman Jean de Grandpré, Domtar President Alex Hamilton, Pierre Côté, president of the Conseil du Patronat business lobby, former Liberal social affairs minister and establishment ally Claude Castonguay, and Antoine Turmel, chairman of Quebec's booming Provigo food chain. When such gentlemen call corporate treasuries open as to "Sesame," But corporate money these days is suspect, and so early next year the committee will appeal for small and politically pure donations from common citizens.

And this month the committee will change its name to the more positive Pro-Canada (or possibly Pro-Quebec) Committee and burst free from its careful anonymity to become a loud, aggressive critic of the PQ government. First the committee will accuse the government of dishonesty in its apparent policy retreat from independence to a negotiated sovereignty-association. Then Pro-Canada will demand a categorical referendum question on which, everyone feels, the government could not win.

Confidence at Pro-Canada headquarters is mitigated. It will be difficult to beat a question asking Quebecers to give their government a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association and, if the ayes have it, the Parti Québécois is likely to win the subsequent election. Concludes one senior Pro-Canada organizer, "They have given themselves a magnificent chance to win another four years of power. But Pro-Canada, basically an alliance of Quebec's francophone and anglophone business establishments who feel threatened on all sides, is also looking warily over its shoulder at the doings of its presumed ally, English Canada. We are worried that there will be another *Gens de l'air* affair or other anti-French backlash just before the referendum. There are things we just can't control from here."

David Thomas

Prime Minister Trudeau's federal Liberals are so uneasy about Ryan's commitment to federalism that they have installed their own spy in the provincial leader's entourage.

But the most spectacular, though least convincing, schism has cracked the facade of the Parti Québécois as Lévesque's government swerves away from the party program to follow the public mood. At the end of October, the PQ's executive committee voted to reprove publicly Lévesque's new promise that there will be no independence without a negotiated economic association with English Canada. Association,

said the party officers, is merely desirable. Sovereignty, however, is indispensable. The loudest disavowal of the jettisoning of the threat of unilateral separation as the government's biggest stick came from the independence movement's white-haired guru and guardian of ideological chastity, Pierre Bourgault.

Bourgault, who dissolved his radical Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale 10 years ago to reinforce the spine of the PQ, has shot to renewed prominence as the separatist Zola, shouting *J'accuse* at alleged traitors to the cause. "The idea of independence

plateaued when the leaders of the Parti Québécois began apologizing for it," Lévesque and his referendum strategist, Claude Morin, lap it up. The more the government is accused of going soft on independence, the bigger the bite the PQ will make into the mass of Quebec voters faithful above all to the bigamous divided loyalty that has marked their half-hearted presence in Confederation since the beginning.

Lévesque is trying to mine the main vein of the ambiguity by offering voters the option of a Quebec symbolically independent but sharing with English Canada the same "economic space" in-

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More than sound economic analysis, the attachment to an all-encompassing economic union reflects the meagre popular support of anything closer to outright sovereignty. McGill University sociologist Richard Hamilton has analysed opinion polls since 1962 when the first question on separatism was asked.



Ryan: the sword has become a flyswatter

Support for independence, he concludes, rose by about one percentage point a year until it peaked at 18 per cent in 1976. Since then, there has been a slight decline. Sovereignty-association rates a higher score, particularly when it is offered as a negotiating position rather than as an ultimate solution. Hamilton's conclusion: "The government would do best with a question such as, 'Do you give us a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association?' That's the

one thing they can win, potentially."

And, contrary to PQ claims, time may not be on the party's side. There are signs that young Quebecers are less nationalistic than the 30-to-40-year-old generation where allegiance to independence is rooted in the linguistic, economic and political struggles of the 1960s. Quebec students are notably absent from the front lines of either side and appear to be preoccupied by ecology, de-politicized music and, like their contemporaries everywhere, getting a job. Part of the explanation may lie in greater cultural security: no longer is English an essential job qualification and, as that pressure slackens, the glow fades on the promise of an emotionally purgative political upheaval. Significantly absent from government arguments for independence is the language issue. Having so loudly declared final victory with Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin's *Charte de la langue française*, the Parti Québécois can hardly say now that only independence will save French in Quebec. The language legislation, by putting on ice the best issue nationalists have, may prove to have been a determinant strategic error.

Another explanation for the declining interest in independence among young people was published last week by the provincial government's planning and development office in a study of modern Quebec nationalism. "Independence inspires indifference among young people for whom Canada 'from coast to coast' is no longer part of their mental horizon. They are already, before the fact, separated. Many of their elders have come to adopt the same position."

To revive interest in independence, the PQ will subject voters to a barrage of statistics and studies proving what a bad deal the province gets from Confederation. But the fiery crusades for national liberation have lost their appeal. A PQ advertising campaign that begins this week is designed to show the province has the resources to stand on its own but, so circumspect has the party become, the ads avoid any mention of independence or sovereignty and the slogan—"Quebec, it can be done"—is hardly explosive. The inspiring declarations of the province's right to self-determination are coming nowadays from Claude Ryan.

So, instead of polarizing into two clearly different constitutional clans, Quebecers and their leaders are converging toward the murky middle. The referendum issue is now diluted to the point where a yes can mean all things to all men and, unless there is a radical shift in the wind, Canada will still be stuck with that tired and tiresome question: What does Quebec want?

Vancouver

Pursuing the Link to McKitka

During his two years as mayor of the sprawling 124-square-mile municipality of Surrey, outside Vancouver, Ed McKitka, 44, came to be one of the prime obstacles to West Coast people who were fighting valiantly to have B.C. taken seriously by the rest of Canada. Before his rejection by Surrey voters in November, 1977, McKitka's mercurial temper and unblinking adherence to all things red-neck had led to much rib-nudging by downtown Vancouver sophisticates and gulps of disbelief by out-of-province media. Some of the highlights: the removal of a 10-by-seven-foot mural from Surrey municipal hall because it contained a 10-inch pencil drawing of a nude, the proposal of vigilante squads, the receipt of two motions of censure by his own council, and the calling in of Mounties to subdue an alderman whose opinions he didn't like. Some pluses: embarrassingly straight talk and a feet-on-the-desk, let's-hear-your-problem openness that matched the rough-and-ready Surrey style.

A year after his defeat, however, it seems the style may have been too open, and McKitka has been recently charged with a series of criminal offences, as have controversial developer Walter Link and four others, following a two-year real-estate fraud investigation which Vancouver RCMP say is the largest of its kind in B.C. since 1968. Among the 16 charges laid against McKitka demanding a benefit from a provincial MIA as consideration for procuring a land-use contract, stealing more than \$200 worth of municipal gravel, and breach of trust as mayor. Link has been charged with nine counts including conspiracy to procure McKitka to commit a breach of trust and possession of stolen French jewels reportedly worth more than \$30,000. The charges stem from a massive RCMP raid on 122 homes and offices by 60 officers shortly after McKitka's defeat last November.

McKitka had been the centre of a similar investigation involving Link in 1973 which resulted in a provincial commission of inquiry headed by Donald White. White's 120-page report exonerated McKitka of leaking classified public information to private developers but gave the then-alderman the back of his hand with the comment: "It is difficult to imagine a more flagrant example of conflict of interest than that created by Alderman McKitka's conduct in going to work for Mr. Link." Superintendent Bob Mullock of Vancouver



McKitka: rib-nudging by the sophisticates

RCMP's commercial crime section denies, however, that the two cases are connected. "Same players, different circumstances," he says.

Given McKitka's travails in and around politics, it could be expected that he would be content to help operate the run-down amusement park his daughter leases south of the Washington border in Birch Bay or continue his construction work. Surprisingly, when asked, he responds with the serene rectitude of opinions well and truly held that the charges against him are "hog-wash," the people of Surrey know and trust him, and that he will be running for alderman in the Nov. 18 municipal elections. "I'd be just as happy if he didn't," says McKitka's feisty wife, Norma, "but I'm partially to blame because I've been telling him to run just to spite the people who are doing this to him."

Longtime McKitka watchers believe that the man one journalist has labeled "one of the last great zanies" was fine as a pothole-fixer and dog quieter, but as Surrey mushroomed and its affairs became more complicated McKitka got in over his combative head. Hearings in the case of the ex-mayor and his four codefendants (the sixth has been arrested and is out on bail) are expected to begin next spring and breathe new life into the McKitka saga for months to come. Sighs Norma McKitka, "It may make good copy but none of it has been fun."

Thomas Hopkins



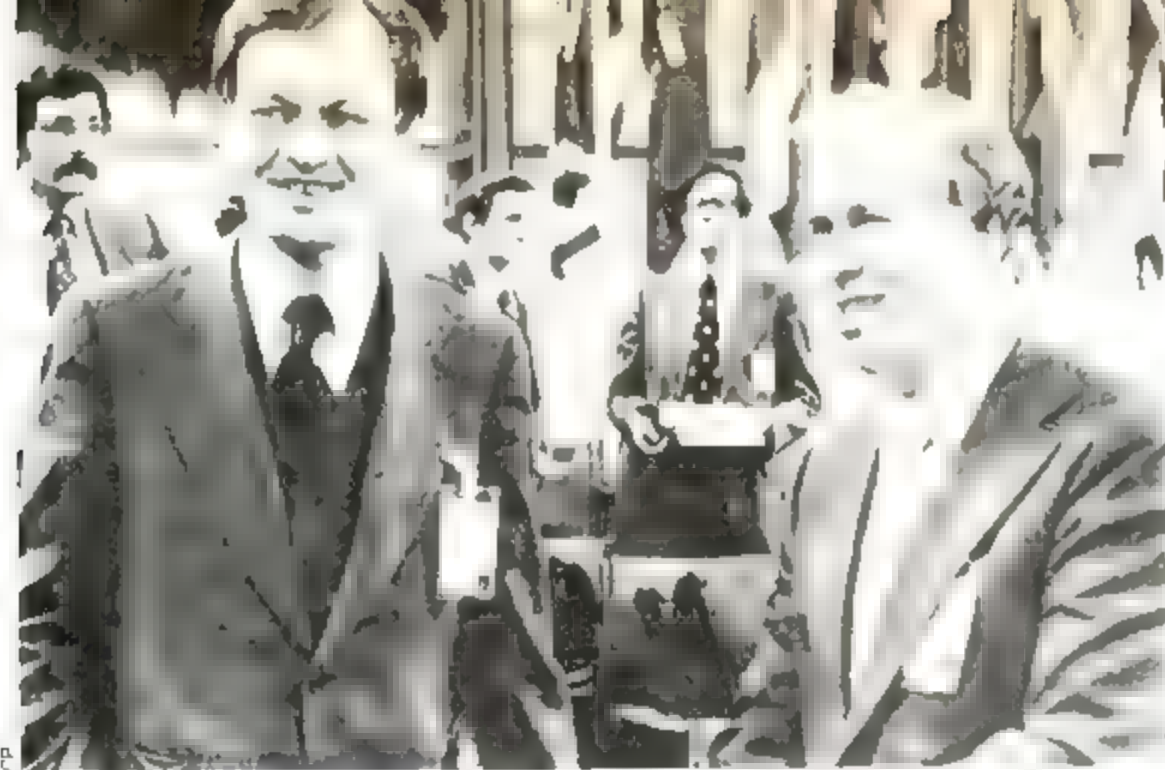
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The Provinces

Who's that in the headline?

In this topsy-turvy decade, with tiny Arab nations like Kuwait and Qatar leading the world in per-capita income, with so-called Third World countries like Korea and Taiwan challenging the industrial giants for markets, and with the American dollar behaving more like the Italian lira, perhaps it should not have come as a surprise. But the news jarred the senses nonetheless. Ontario, the fat cat of Confederation, is on the verge of becoming a "have not" province and receiving equalization grants from Ottawa.

The change in status is a fluke. While Ontario no longer ranks first in terms of personal income in Canada (it has been overtaken by British Columbia), it is still second. But equalization grants are not based on income. They are derived from a complicated formula involving 29 different sources of revenue available to governments: everything from liquor sales to petroleum royalties. The theory is that provinces with fewer or smaller sources of revenue available the "have-nots" will get equalization grants from Ottawa to allow them to provide the same level of government services as the "haves." But the formula has been distorted in recent years because the sharp rise in oil and gas prices has driven royalties through the roof in the western provinces. Under the formula, Ontario would receive a substantial amount, perhaps as much as \$100 million in equalization grants the next fiscal year, leaving only B.C. and Alberta as "have" provinces that get nothing.

With equalization grants already costing the federal treasury more than

Chrétien and Miller: the hair will stand

\$2.5 billion a year, Ottawa decided this was going too far. Finance Minister Jean Chrétien announced last week that the equalization formula would be changed to make sure Ontario does not receive grants next year. The Ontario government, which has argued in the past that the formula is too generous, did not complain. There may have been an element of pride as well as logic, consistency in Ontario's willingness to change the formula no government would want it said that, under its management, the province slipped into the ranks of the "have nots." But Ontario Treasurer Frank Miller dismissed this thought. "If we were honestly entitled to the grants, we'd be in the lineup so fast your hair would stand up."

Ian Urquhart

Ontario

Tearful sketches of a little town

The facade is imposing—handsome, red brick, aged by almost a century of elements, neatly arranged upon the long green lawns. But the story of Huronia Regional Centre, an institution that houses almost 1,200 mentally retarded children and adults outside Orillia, Ontario, has little to do with architecture or landscaping. Huronia is the nerve centre of a swelling controversy over what goes on behind not only its own impressive hardwood doors, but in similar centres throughout the province.

Thirteen months ago at Huronia a severely retarded 29-year-old woman—kneeling in a punishment position for stealing food—was kicked in the head by her counsellor, Samuel Johnston. She fell over, she moaned, she sustained a black eye. Two fellow counsellors witnessed the kick and reported it. Johnston, 35, was subsequently charged with assault, convicted, fined \$200 and promptly dismissed by the ministry of community and social services. It seemed meet punishment for his crime, but the Crown Employees Grievance Settlement Board, to whom Johnston appealed his dismissal, thought otherwise. In a 12-page judgment rendered last July, the three-man arbitration board called the kicking incident horse play, isolated and unlikely to recur, and

ordered Johnston's reinstatement.

Reluctantly, the ministry installed Johnston in Huronia's laundry room, at a safe distance from most residents. Johnston sued, claiming failure to comply with the grievance board's order. Late last month, the Ontario Supreme Court found Deputy Minister Robert Carman guilty of contempt.

Almost immediately, Community and Social Services Minister Keith Norton tabled legislation at Queen's Park to force a second hearing of the affair, stating there was new evidence of Johnston's misbehavior.

The proposed legislation raised a few questions, especially over the ethics of legislative interference in the arbitration system. "It's one thing to change their rules for tomorrow," said Civil Liberties Association counsel Alan Borovoy in a telegram of protest, "but it is another to reverse their decision of yesterday."

But neither Norton, his ministry, nor Huronia administrator Donald Cornish could accept that a counsellor convicted of kicking a resident in his care should be permitted to continue. They therefore used the proposed legislation as a bargaining lever, trying to force the Ontario Public Service Employees Union to abandon its support of Johnston. In return, the government would withdraw the legislation.

A more pertinent question is what Norton will do about the dramatic increase in resident abuse problems generally. A counsellor at Rideau Regional Centre, Smiths Falls, Ontario, has been charged with having sexual intercourse with a mentally retarded woman—a Criminal Code offence; and Rideau

counsellor Anthony Grimonte has been sentenced to three months in jail for stomping on a resident's penis. (Grimonte has followed Johnston's route to the grievance board.) At a third institution in Thunder Bay a counsellor has been charged with assaulting a resident with a wooden shoe, and Ontario Provincial Police announced last week investigations into more abuse cases at Huronia.

While he weighs the merits of a full-scale inquiry, Norton has announced that in future grievance-board hear-

ings, ministry lawyers will represent the patients. A move long overdue. Samuel Johnston's future is less auspicious. His wife, also a counsellor at Huronia, has suffered a nervous breakdown. A 12-year-old son is emotionally disturbed. Another son, 7, died in a drowning accident this past summer. And his job is in jeopardy. All of this is deserving of some sympathy, which is a sentiment Samuel Johnston might have considered more seriously before he delivered his impetuous kick.

Michael Posner



Someone told her you may put off coming to the Orient for another year.

"Maybe next year we'll go to the Orient." How many years has it been since you first said that?

And every year since, it's been the same old story. Next year, never this year.

Kyoto's Golden Pavilion will still be there next year, of course. Hong Kong's harbour will still swarm with sampans and the sun will still rise over Bangkok's gilded temples.

But there's an old Japanese proverb which says, "The day you decide to do a thing is the best day to do it."

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As the farmer is bent, so grows the tree

Next month comes fa-la-la—the annual confrontation at the corner Christmas tree lot. Shall I be short and chubby, or tall and slim? However Canada's Christian families decide, they can perhaps gain some comfort in these chaotic times that modern science is now able to offer: one certainly short, chubby tree is grown by short, chubby people. Tall, slim trees come from farms owned by beanpoes. That earnest pronouncement can hardly help but make Nova Scotia's more than 2,500 tree producers a little self-conscious these days as they hustle to harvest and pack aboard trucks, trains and ships their share of the 15 million Christmas trees the province hopes to sell across three continents before Dec. 25.

Nova Scotia's Canada's largest exporter of Christmas trees, accounting for

35 per cent of all trees shipped abroad last year, mostly balsam fir—a \$4-million cash crop crucial to rural areas of the province. To please varied tastes of buyers from Lunenburg County to Dallas, Jamaica, South America, Germany and Iceland,



trees must be offered in all sorts of sizes and shapes—which is what Maine forest scientist Maxwell McCormack was lecturing Lunenburg growers about shortly before the current culling season began.

Not that there's some bizarre genetic crossover between a grower and his trees: instead, the fact is that Christmas tree cultivation has become an art as well as a science. Producers shear and shape the trees to achieve the fullness and symmetry buyers seek. But instead of producing shapes for every taste, says McCormack, growers subconsciously craft Christmas trees in their own image. The phenomenon was first observed in Wisconsin 10 years ago, he says, and his own travels throughout eastern Canada and the U.S. tend to confirm the theory. Growers look on a tree like a parent looks on a child, McCormack says. They take a lot of pride in them, and when shearing time comes they've been imposing their own shape on their trees. McCormack does not attempt to answer the obvious question—do short, chubby people buy short, chubby trees?

Sue Calhoun



World News

Begin's booming arms bazaar

Argentina and Chile do not have much in common: in fact they may go to war over the future of three islands in the Beagle Channel at the southern tip of South America. But apart from being military dictatorships they share one other characteristic, both are among the 19 countries in the world who buy or have bought arms from Israel. Intelligence reports in Washington indicate that Israeli arms sales this year could top the \$1-billion mark—double the figure five years ago and almost on a par with such "big-league" weapons exporters as France (\$6 billion) and Britain (\$1.5 billion), and dwarfing by comparison Canada's annual exports of \$336 million.

Official U.S. concern is growing because of the sophistication of the weapons offered: everything from the Uzi submachine gun, the most effective of its kind in the world, to the pagarized but highly effective Kfir fighter; and the concern is certainly not lessened by the list of clients, many of whom, like Argentina and Chile, are on bad terms with each other and, in addition, are scarcely staunch supporters of democracy.

In this respect Latin America is an area of particular concern. If Argentina and Chile do decide on a military solution to their dispute—Argentina was desperately trying to arrange eleventh-hour talks last week—one of the weapons sure to be deployed would be the lethal Israeli Shafrir missile, modeled on the U.S. Super Sidewinder and one of a generation of heat-seeking missiles which three successive administrations have been trying to keep out of Latin America.

Then there is the Somoza regime in Nicaragua, which last year acquired 60

Israeli secondhand armored cars (they came in very handy against the Sandinista rebels this autumn) and may lately have been looking for more hardware from the same source. Only last week the Observer News Service reported that Mexico had threatened to cut off oil supplies to Israel if it continued to supply arms to Nicaragua, and while this report could not be confirmed in Washington or Jerusalem, that, in itself, is not surprising given the intensely secret nature of the trade.

According to London's well informed International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS), Israel is known to have

sold arms (or STOL aircraft, almost invariably used for paratroop transportation or other military purposes) to Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, Indonesia, Malaysia, Mexico, Nepal, Nicaragua, Rhodesia, Salvador, Singapore, South Africa, South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and Uganda. There is no proof, but it seems likely that Greece and Kenya have also been customers.

Much of Israel's arms production de-

Israeli Kfir fighter and Reshef class missile ship 'Nitzahon (Victory) with a blind eye to the customers you can make a killing



pend on "borrowing" designs from established manufacturers, usually American. "It's a very clever way of doing business which, while legal, clearly circumvents the intent of Congress," one senior U.S. official said recently. Congress provides about \$1 billion a year in foreign military sales credits for Israel and, in essence, Israel is selling U.S. technology—in many cases without approval.

American concern focuses on three points: First, the Pentagon is frightened that ultra-sensitive technology could find its way into the hands of enemies; second, Congress is perturbed that the sales of arms, particularly in Africa, South America and the Far East, could undermine U.S. foreign policy; and third, economists and labor union officials are painfully aware that the Israeli arms industry is increasingly threatening U.S. jobs.

Although no exact figures are available, Pentagon sources say that South Africa is Israel's biggest customer. Pretoria is currently buying six 400-ton Reshef fast patrol boats and its *cordon sanitaire* along the Angolan border—an elaborate defence system to keep out guerrillas—was built under Israeli advice. "In this the Israelis are undoubtedly world experts," says the IISS.

Israel has also sold South Africa at least 24 separate Gabriel missile systems. This missile—developed by engineers in Tel Aviv from Soviet and U.S. technology—is a deadly surface-to-surface weapon that proved itself in the 1973 war. The Dvora, a small but fast missile attack craft designed for hit-and-run missions, has also gone to South Africa as have large quantities of Uzi submachine guns. Furthermore, South Africa is at least partially financing the development of the next generation of Israeli warships and expects to buy some of the first vessels produced.

South Africa would like to buy quantities of Israel's Kfir fighters, modelled on France's Mirage 5, but this is one sale that has not gone through. The Kfir is powered by General Electric jet engines and Washington has embargoed their use. But Israel exports know-how as well as arms. Countries where its experts have supplied advice or training include Iran, Singapore, South Africa, Taiwan and, ironically in view of last week's news (see page 41), Uganda. Before President Idi Amin fell out with them, as he has fallen out with so many of his would-be benefactors, the Israelis trained the Ugandan Air Force. Amin got his parachute training in Israel and, until recently anyway, still proudly wore his Israeli wings.

William Lowther/
Christopher Dunkley

United States

Jimmy Carter: Why is this man laughing?

It was a show stopping, scene stealing performance. President Jimmy Carter, who is beginning to have as many guises as the Great Imposter, last week turned up as Action Man, doubling back on his old policies as he introduced sweeping changes to strengthen the dollar. The timing was perfect. Overnight he became the star of this week's midterm elections in which Americans were voting for all 435 of their congressmen, 35 out of 100 senators and 36 of the state governors. But if Carter seemed to be on a winner at home there were worrisome implications for Canada.

His complex financial package centred around the Federal Reserve Board adding a full percentage point to the discount interest rate (now 9.5 per cent) it charges on loans. It was the largest single boost since the banking panic of 1933. In making the move the president appeared deliberately to have taken the risk of a recession next year as the only way to beat inflation. His own Democratic party economists predict that demand could slacken as early as next spring with unemployment, now six per

cent, rising to seven per cent by the end of the year.

Domestically, the increase in interest rates will hit the housing industry first and hardest. Americans will be paying 11 or 12 per cent for mortgages—up from the present nine to 10 per cent—by next year and money will be harder to come by. There will be a cutback in building which, in turn, will increase unemployment and fuel the projected recession. All of this could be bad news for Canada (see page 36). A recession south of the border means that America will import fewer Canadian goods, and the housing cutback is especially dire news. British Columbia, in particular, will suffer if the market for timber weakens.

The president, however, seems to be onto a good thing. He looked strong and decisive as his party went into this week's voting and there are no elections next year when the bite will start to hurt. By 1980—the big one—things should be looking good again with the president able to campaign as an inflation-beater. "Nice one, Jimmy," quipped one of his Republican opponents.

A nice one indeed. Usually in elec-

Carter and Brown: not only the dollar perked up. Democrats were smiling, too



tions midway through the presidential term the party that is out of power—in this case the Republicans—picks up an average of 34 extra seats in the House of Representatives, four in the Senate and five governorships. But this time pollsters were predicting that the Democrats would lose no more than 10 seats in the House, might gain two in the Senate and might drop just three governorships. Such a result would be considered a good one and, as a result, nothing, or very little, would change.

Yo-yoing out through the New England skies on a vote-stumping trip with the president at the month's end, it was easy to see why this year's trends might be different even without the aid of a snap monetary intervention.

There weren't any real issues over which the Republicans could haul the Democrats, as was graphically reflected in George Gallup's estimate that voter turnout—one-third of the electorate—would be the lowest in 36 years. The paradox was that most of the non-voters seemed likely to be among the people hit hardest by rising inflation and upcoming legislation.

Nor did the election campaign produce any obvious new contenders for the White House in 1980. Governor Jerry Brown of California might hope to be encouraged to challenge Carter for the Democratic nomination. But few believe that he would get far. The expected contenders for the Republican nomination—Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan,

John Connally, George Bush—have all been busy supporting other candidates, securing IOUs for the day when they need support. But that day is far in the future.

Worse still for the Republicans, they have no idea which of the Jimmy Carters they will have to face in 1980. Will it be "Jim the Baptist," the man elected two years ago promising to reform everything in sight and never to tell a lie? Will it be the Mr. Nice Guy who did nothing for his first year, the Hard Man of this spring, or Mr. Diplomacy, as at Camp David? Who can guess what role Carter will be playing then? As of this writing there is only a single probability that whichever Jimmy it is will have a grin on his face. **William Lowther**

Why Sadat has angered the Arabs: Hussein

Arab leaders meeting in Baghdad to counter the Egyptian-Israeli peace talks had a frustrating weekend. A delegation sent to persuade President Sadat to stop the peace process was rebuffed, and there was the agreement on other future tactics. Nevertheless, even moderate states like Jordan are bitter about Sadat, and in this interview with Kathy Keeley shortly before the Baghdad meeting Jordan's King Hussein explains the reasons.

Maclean's: Why have you not joined Egypt in accepting the Camp David terms?

Hussein: A short time before President Sadat left for Camp David I received a letter from him outlining his policy and attitudes: no bargaining over Arab territories lost in 1967 and the rights of the Palestinians to self-determination. So we have been rather shocked by the fact that a solution is there in terms of the Sinai and Egypt, whereas there is so much vagueness in terms of the West Bank and other occupied territories.

Maclean's: Some people say the Israelis really don't want you involved in the negotiations, that if you stepped in that would immediately legitimize the demands of the Palestinians and necessitate the Israelis facing up to the issue.

Hussein: I have always been under the impression that they have acted to this end and are pretty happy with the way things stand.

Maclean's: You said before Camp David that if negotiations didn't work out you could see the possibility of a radical swing to the left in the Arab world. Is that happening now?

Hussein: All of us are smarting under



Hussein: a step from 'national humiliation'

what we feel is almost a national humiliation. Take a scare and put Israel and what it means in terms of the world on one side. Then put the Arab world, its emerging sources of energy and crucial role in balancing the world monetary situation on the other. The results are obvious. Yet until now, Israel has been of greater importance in some circles than the entire Arab world, regardless of the basic issue of right and wrong.

Maclean's: What is your position then?

Hussein: The basis for peace must be the recovery of all territories lost in 1967, and return of Arab sovereignty over the city of Jerusalem. In the context of peace, Jerusalem can be the symbol of peace for all. In terms of the Palestinian problem, only the recognition of their rights to self-determination, their rights within their homeland, and their rights according to UN resolutions will lead to peace.

Maclean's: Could you actually guarantee that all Palestinian leaders would accept United Nations Resolution 242 by recognizing the rights of Israel?

Hussein: The Palestinians are put in an impossible position. They are asked to recognize the rights of Israel and the Israelis have not, as yet, recognized them. But I am sure if they were given the chance under conditions of freedom to accept 242 that they would.

Maclean's: Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin said recently, "Syria would like to destroy us but can't, Jordan can't attack alone, and Iraq is behind Jordan so as long as we have peace with Egypt we have a de facto peace in the Middle East." What do you think about that?

Hussein: Obviously Israel is very strong at this stage. But for how long will it be so? That is why it is so important to lay the proper basis for peace before the chance is lost.

Maclean's: What about the broader framework, the conflict between East and West?

Hussein: Obviously, we are worried about the threat—both in the current situation and in terms of losing our identity in the future. We have always been against changing the Arab-Israeli struggle to one involving major powers. But our worry does not necessarily mean that we are able to stop it. I believe though that the Israelis have all along tried their very best to see that there is polarization.



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1974	Tom Wilkinson, Edmonton
1973	George McGowan, Edmonton
1972	Garney Henev, Hamilton
1971	Don Jonas, Winnipeg
1970	Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1969	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968	Bill Synnors, Toronto
1967	Peter Liske, Calgary
1966	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1965	George Reed, Saskatchewan
1964	Lovell Coleman, Calgary
1963	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962	George Dixon, Montreal
1961	Bernie Falconey, Hamilton
1960	Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1959	Johnny Bright, Edmonton
1958	Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1957	Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1956	Ha Patterson, Montreal
1955	Pat Abbruzzi, Montreal
1954	Sam Elcheverry, Montreal
1953	Billy Vessey, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973	Ray Nettles, B.C.
1972	John Helton, Calgary
1971	Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970	Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969	John LaGrone, Edmonton
1968	Ken Lehmann, Ottawa
1967	Ed McQuarters, Saskatchewan
1966	Wayne Harris, Calgary
1965	Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964	Tom Brown, B.C.
1963	Tom Brown, B.C.
1962	John Barrow, Hamilton
1961	Frank Ragney, Winnipeg
1960	Herb Gray, Winnipeg
1959	Roger Nelson, Edmonton
1958	Don Luzzi, Calgary
1957	Kave Vaughan, Ottawa
1956	Kave Vaughan, Ottawa
1955	Tex Coulter, Montreal



MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1977	A. Wilson, B.C.
1976	Dan Yochum, Montreal
1975	Charlie Turner, Edmonton
1974	Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1977	Dan Kepley, Edmonton
1976	Bill Baker, B.C.
1975	Jim Corrigan, Toronto
1974	John Helton, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1977	Leon Bright, B.C.
1976	John Sciarra, B.C.
1975	Tom Clements, Ottawa
1974	Sam Cvijanovich, Toronto
1973	Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
1972	Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1977	Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1976	Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
1975	Jim Foley, Ottawa
1974	Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1973	Gerry Organ, Ottawa
1972	Jim Young, B.C.
1971	Terry Evanshen, Montreal
1970	Jim Young, B.C.
1969	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968	Ken Nielsen, Winnipeg
1967	Terry Evanshen, Calgary
1966	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1965	Zeno Karcz, Hamilton
1964	Tommy Grant, Hamilton
1963	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962	Harvey Wyue, Calgary
1961	Tony Pajczkowski, Calgary
1960	Ron Stewart, Ottawa
1959	Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1958	Ron Howell, Hamilton
1957	Gerry James, Winnipeg
1956	Normie Kwong, Edmonton
1955	Normie Kwong, Edmonton
1954	Gerry James, Winnipeg

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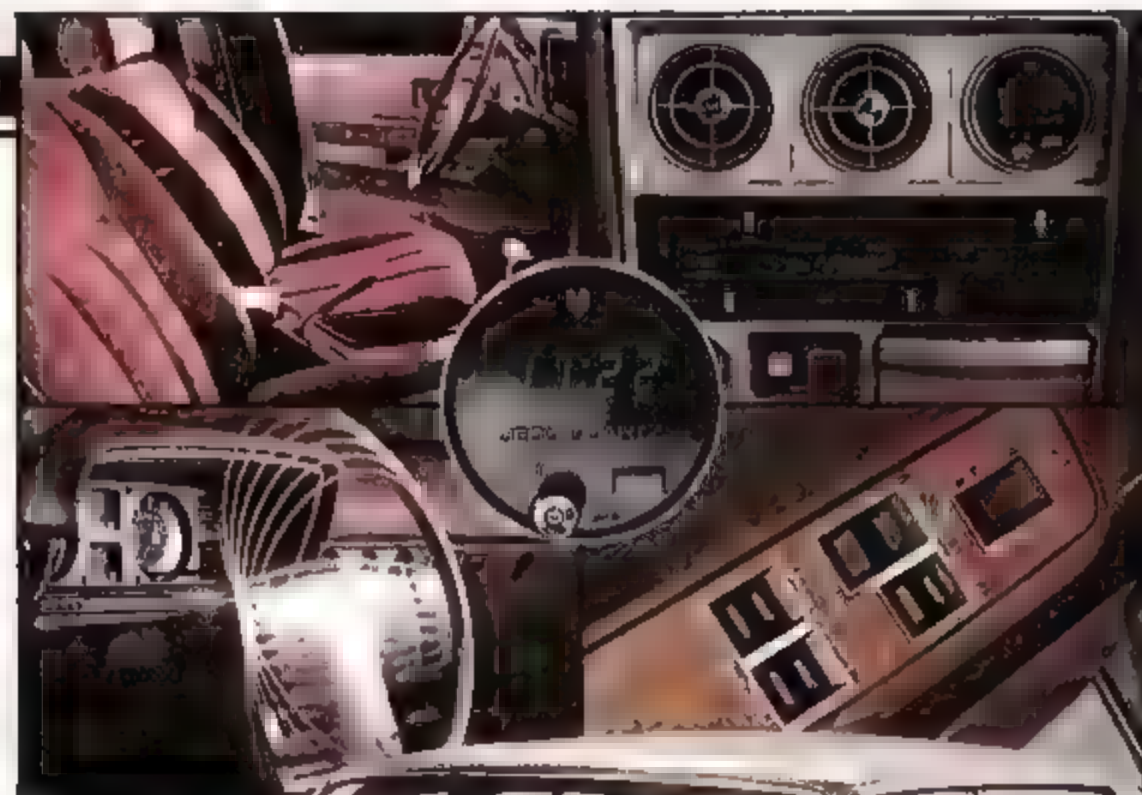
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Tanzania

Big Daddy finds a convenient war

di Amin is going to regret the day of his maximum madness," thundered Tanzania's *Daily News* early last week as Ugandan forces roamed over the scrub-covered countryside beside Lake Victoria. But by the weekend what began as a mutiny in four Ugandan barracks had spilled over some 700 square miles of Tanzanian territory long disputed between the two countries. And there was no word of any regrets on the part of Uganda's president.

The invasion had its roots in a coup attempted on Oct. 8, when some 40 army officers attacked Amin's Presidential Lodge in Kampala. The "conqueror of the British Empire" and his family were ignominiously plucked from the scene by helicopter, but the mutiny later spread to the southern garrison cities of Mbarara, Mutukua, and Masaka, and 170 troops loyal to Amin were reported killed at the Bombo barracks just outside Kampala. By the third day of fighting, Amin was accusing Tanzania, a habitual whipping boy, of invading Uganda—his often-tried way of attempting to disguise civil disorder.

When he repeated the accusation on Oct. 15, and again 12 days later, long after the rebels had been routed, diplomats assumed he was just working off

steam. Relations with Tanzania have been bitter since 1972, when Ugandan refugee guerrillas tried to retake their home and from bases in Tanzania. But this time the diplomats were wrong. Amin's loyal forces, flushed with their victories at home, had apparently decided to settle some old scores abroad.

They began badly. An air strike missed military targets in the town of Bukoba and three MiG aircraft were lost to Tanzanian gunners, who also brought down three of their own planes by mistake. But from there things improved. Using tanks and heavy artillery, Amin's troops quickly overran some 20 miles of plain and swampland inhabited by about 2,000 people, many of them Ugandan exiles. Then they pushed the Tanzanian defenders across the Kagera River, the southern boundary of a demilitarized zone established after the 1972 squabble.

There they halted while Tanzania hastily began preparing for a prolonged struggle. Employers were asked for the names of workers with military experience, in preparation for a general mobilization; arms from across the country were sent to the battle area.

President Julius Nyerere's instructions to his troops were to drive "this

snake from our house." It seemed a tall order since the opposing forces—at least on paper—were fairly evenly matched. Uganda has about 37 combat aircraft, Tanzania 29, Uganda's standing army is 20,000, Tanzania's 17,000. But Tanzania is not without powerful supporters—both Britain and the United States were watching events with concern—and while Amin said he was prepared to settle the whole business by a fist fight with Nyerere, there was just a chance that this time he might have ventured into too large a ring.

Michael Clugston

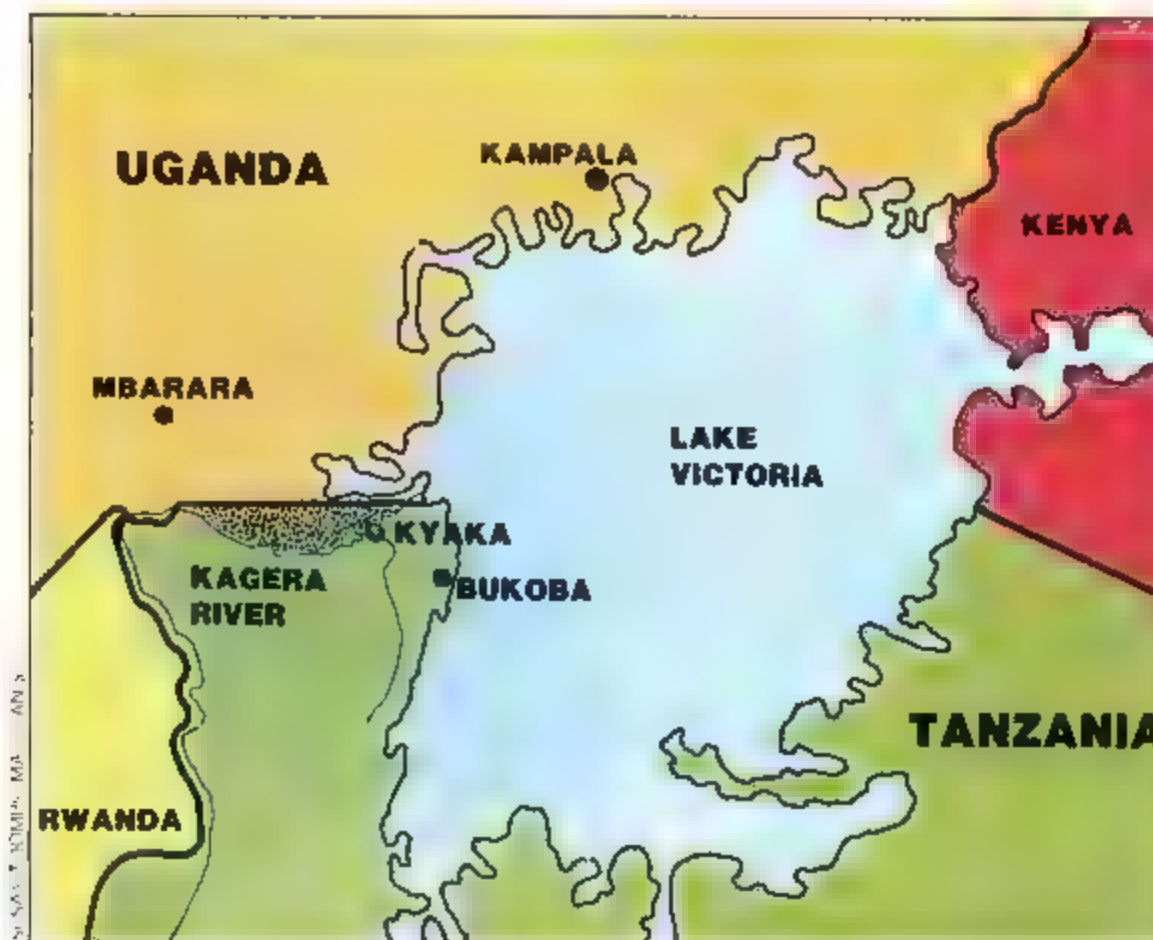
South Africa

Scandal scoops 'The Citizen'

The words were cold, precise—exactly what one would have expected from a respected member of the South African judiciary. But the verdict which Judge Anton Mostert handed down to reporters after a lengthy investigation of currency violations last week fanned into urgent flame a scandal which has been smouldering for months near the surface of the country's political life. Said Mostert: "The evidence given me and other information at my disposal show an improper application of taxpayers' money running into millions of rand [the local unit of currency]."

What the judge was talking about was testimony which indicated that \$12 million was provided out of a secret fund to finance a newspaper, *The Citizen*, as a rival to two longstanding opponents of the government's apartheid policies—the morning *Rand Daily Mail* and its sister evening paper *The Star*—and that another \$1 million went to finance a film called *The Golden Rendezvous*, starring Richard Harris. What was worse, the inquiry also indicated that at least three major government figures at the time were in the know: South Africa's new president, John Vorster, who retired as prime minister only five weeks ago, Dr. Connie Mulder, former head of the department of information and a recent candidate for the premiership, and Dr. Hendrik van den Bergh, who also retired this year as head of the Bureau for State Security (BOSS). According to Mostert, the government money was lent secretly to fertilizer manufacturer Louis Luyt to start *The Citizen* in 1976. Mostert said Luyt told him, "I was told that the prime minister had chosen me to do this."

The reaction was swift. Vorster's successor, Pieter Botha, announced a judi-



cial inquiry, which will report in five weeks' time, and parliament will be recalled to hear the findings. What was not immediately clear was how wide the new inquiry would range. The scope for investigation, however, is very wide and could involve many other personalities.

One obvious question: what about the current role of *The Citizen*? Luyt left the company last year and was succeeded by Jan van Zyl Alberts—publisher of another Johannesburg publication, the periodical *To the Point*. Then there was Mulder, 52, still in the gov-



Mulder: 'managed news' to the extreme

ernment although he resigned as minister of information last June after two of his subordinates, Eschel and Denys Rhodie, had been accused of financial irregularities. They were pensioned off. It was revealed at the time that Perskor, a publishing firm of which Mulder was a director, received more than \$3 million worth of department printing orders, and that Mulder, with U.S. publisher John McGoff, a close friend, had formed a company which owned a game farm in South Africa.

Meanwhile the Mostert revelations were not the only problems faced by Botha last week. At home, three policemen were convicted of "wrongful homicide" (they beat a black prisoner to death), and, Britain, Canada and the 37 other Commonwealth countries called for global sanctions against South Africa if it refuses to halt fuel supplies to Ian Smith's Rhodesia government. Once again, it seemed, South Africa's government was being judged and found wanting.

France

Rumbles from the Belly of Paris

As the tour bus lumbered away from the gigantic jumble of pipes, girders and glass that has become Paris' leading tourist attraction, the Pompidou Centre for the Arts, one shaken elderly visitor timorously inquired last week about a mammoth neighboring excavation. "That, madame," replied the guide gravely, "is *Le Trou*." At the month's end, as Paris' mayor, Jacques Chirac, announced that he was cancelling yet another layout for the gaping, 13.5-acre site, it was clear that grandiose ideas for the replacement of Les Halles, the market which Emile Zola once called the Belly of Paris, were fast becoming a political pain in the neck.

The comedy of errors started in the days of De Gaulle when officialdom threatened to relocate the market which had played host for centuries to the capital's cooks, grocers, prostitutes and pickpockets even to that cinematic free spirit, Irma la Douce. The outcry was swift and furious and when the graceful parasol-shaped, wrought-iron pavilions were finally voted victims to progress in 1971, the riot police were called out as the bulldozers moved in. The plan was for a multimillion-dollar complex of monoliths, including a trade centre, international convention centre, hotels, subway and underground shopping mall, topped by a quarter-acre of park and to set off the adjacent 16th century church of St. Eus-

Paris \$1-billion-hole: grandiose schemes have come and gone, 'Le Trou' remains

tache, scene of Molière's baptism. But in the seven years since, dozens of architects have gone down to defeat in *Le Trou*, while the city's restaurateurs have never been quite won over to making the long trek out to the new market near Orly airport and the ladies of the night have merely moved over a couple of blocks.

In 1974, shortly after his election, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing stepped in personally. Dreaming perhaps of his own monument a stone's throw from his predecessor Pompidou's, he commissioned Spanish architectural wunderkind Ricardo Bofill to create a visionary mix around a vast garden. But the plan turned out to be less than popular and by last summer only the subway station and a concrete monstrosity housing an underground ventilation system, dubbed "the block-house," had been built. Bofill's vision had shrunk to a 200-unit public housing project. In August, Giscard surveyed the site and, perhaps concluding that it wasn't quite the monument he'd had in mind, dumped the responsibility on his old political foe, Chirac.

Now, in cancelling Bofill's building and putting off further plans until the year's end, the mayor has ignited yet another round of architectural fireworks. Some critics who estimate that the hole has already gobbled up \$1 billion, have proposed that it simply be filled in. Bofill has hired a lawyer and is threatening to sue. Several years ago in his autobiography, the 39-year-old architect wrote that buildings reflect their period and Les Halles would show "a period of conflict, of confused ideas. A time when small interests take over larger visions." It was a prophetic description. But the supreme irony is that its author, as he recalled recently, was one of the first to sign a petition saying that the original Les Halles should never be torn down. Marci McDonald



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BRIAN ENGELER

Since early October, British actor **Oliver Reed** (*Women in Love*) has been roughing it in the bush near Banff, growing a beard and losing weight for his starring role in *The Mad Trapper*. But it appears all his snowshoeing, canoeing and backpacking will be for naught. Last week, Reed, along with Canadian actor **Len Cariou** and the rest of

Reed: on a wild goose chase

the assembled 40-man cast and crew, was told to stop action when Granicus Film Productions of Saskatoon floundered in their attempts to raise money for the shoot. Although Granicus hopes to get the movie going again in February, neither Reed, who'll be filming in Libya, nor Cariou, who'll be on Broadway, will be available. "The mood



RON PAULET

around here," said Toronto director **Harvey Hart**, "is that we've given birth to a stillborn."

You can go only so far with **Carroll Baker**, Canada's answer to Dolly Parton. Baker, a 29-year-old native of Port Medway, Nova Scotia (pop. 300), is about to undergo a major style shift which will steer her career east of country and western and land her musically in the middle of the road. The change will be noticeable on Baker's CBC-TV *Superspecial* (to be aired Nov. 12) where she'll do a little disco, a little musical comedy and a bit of what she calls "progressive" C&W. Although Baker went along with the concept, she drew the line when costume designers tried to dress her like Princess Grace. "I wasn't going to let them gussy me up and make me fancy," said Baker. "That's not me. I cross my eyes and stick my tongue out when I sing."

It was love among the bamboo eight months ago when former Nixon aide **John Ehrlichman** went shopping in Walter's Wicker Wonderland, a Manhattan furniture store. While browsing in rattan, Ehrlichman met saleslady **Christine Peacock McLauren**, a 30-year-old divorcee and former "scooper" at a New York Baskin-Robbins ice cream store. The two were married Friday in a quiet civil ceremony. As the three-tiered ice cream wedding cake melted (half was John's favorite flavor, strawberry — half was her choice, pralines and cream), store owner and best man Donald Gould got down to business. Throwing in free cones and cake, he got a frosty reception when he tried to flog his personal photos of the wedding.

During her 26 years as an actress, **Gina Lollobrigida** had to memorize her lines, but when she recently addressed the 52 graduates of Montreal's Dawson Institute of Photography, she used a script all the way. La Lollo, the 51-year-old doyenne of 60 movies, took time from promoting her glossy new \$40 picture book, *Italia Mia*, to speak to the camera grads about what it takes to become a great photographer. Listing as requisites knowledge of craft, avoidance of being over equipped and establishing a rapport with clients, Lollobrigida added later: "When I used to photograph the Paris fashion shows, I sweated so much from all the photographers going click, click, I lost a dress every time."

Although insiders around San Salvador's sandlots were picking the Canadian team to win the women's world softball championships, in the final analysis **Doc's Blues** struck out.

Gilder(right) next stop Madison Avenue



Doc's Blues: they try harder

British Columbia's New Westminster Blues (Canadian champs from 1972-74 and 1976-77), who had been unstoppable in the 15-country preliminary competition, were shut out 4-0 in the recent Central American finals by the Amazonian American champs, Raybestos Brakettes. Apart from the fact the Blues beat Zambia 39-1, there wasn't much to cheer about. But the girls were decidedly happy when their team spon-

sor, Dr. Ross MacLean, showed up to spectate. "Three of the girls came down with dysentery," said MacLean. "As a rule I don't make house calls, but this was an exception."

Vancouver's pop-rocker **Nick Gilder** has the look of a Vienna Boys Choir refugee and the sweet high sound of a castrato, so no wonder he's trying to change his image. Gilder, who recently

Langlois: make movies not war

bebopped his way to the top of the American charts with his single *Hot Child in the City*, wants to shed his teen-idol image. He'd like to be more David Bowie than Shaun Cassidy — more Elton John than René Simard. The problem is he doesn't take drugs or paint his hair fuchsia. "Nick doesn't lead the outlandish life of most rock stars," said his manager Barry Samuels. "He drives a Honda and relaxes by going fishing, and, if anything, he's strictly a social drinker." Work on it, Nick. Work on it.

Canadian actress **Lisa Langlois** (*Blood Relatives*, *Violette Nozette*) is starting to think there's another meaning to the saying "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes." Langlois, a 19-year-old Hamilton native, is currently on location in Israel's Gaza Strip, where she and her co-stars **Tony Curtis**, **Sally Kellerman** and **Lou Gossett Jr.** (*Roots*) are preparing to film *It Rained All Night the Day I Left*. Despite the fact the Arabs and Israelis are close to signing a peace treaty, Canneum, the movie production company, has paid \$20,000 for war risk insurance, in the event of an outbreak. Nonetheless, Langlois is reasonably sure she won't be caught in any cross-fire. "They've taken out insurance in case war is declared," said Langlois. "I'm not really scared, but maybe that's because I've never seen a war firsthand." Edited by Jane O'Hara

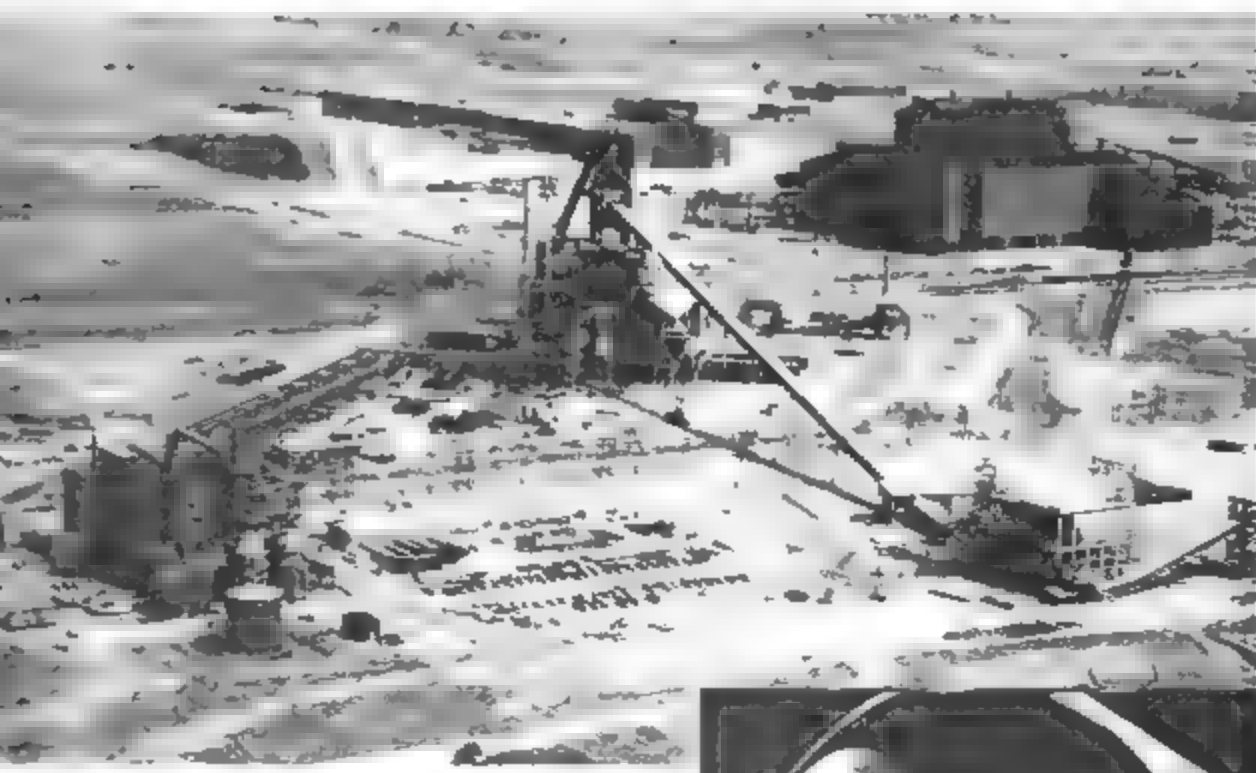


BRIAN WALKER/MACLEAN'S



MARK ADOLF

Rough times behind for the dream-dealers



As foreman of a gang cutting up decades-old ships with acetylene torches for scrap in March, 1947, Peter Gordon was about to make his first impact on the executive suite. The vessel had been reduced to the waterline when someone mistakenly cut a main beam. It started to break up and sink to the bottom of Ontario's Hamilton harbor, dragging his brief career with it. Within five minutes, the president and four vice presidents were on the dock demanding he save the several thousand tons of valuable scrap bubbling out of sight. "And that," he laughs, "was how I came to the attention of management." He directed lines be tied on, the craft was safely beached and his career became buoyant again.

For 57-year-old Gordon, now chairman and chief executive officer of the Steel Company of Canada Limited, timely solutions in tough times aren't new. With third-quarter results last week pointing to record sales and near record earnings for 1978, a massive pipeline contract due in January, and first production workers on site at the new Lake Erie plant, Stelco appears poised for resurgence after riding out the 1974 industry-wide collapse. The Nanticoke, Ontario, \$1-billion steel production complex that shares 6,600 acres with an industrial park and the preserved nesting grounds of Hungarian partridges, will severely test Stelco as Canada's largest iron and steel producer.



Stelco's \$1-billion Lake Erie development and Peter Gordon pushing pipe (inset)

"It has been called an engineer's dream and an accountant's nightmare," says Gordon, who has presided over inflationary cost increases, delays and market shifts at a mill first announced in 1968 that's still 18 months away from first steel. And the trouble isn't over yet. "I don't think people appreciate the difficulties of a start-up," says analyst Charles Winograd of Winnipeg's Richardson Securities of Canada. "They typically star Boris Karloff." Gordon, however, spies something else. "I see the industry turning around," but always wary of steel's cyclical quirks, adds, "I don't see a bonanza, but I do see the first chink in the cloud." It has been a choking cloud that has known no borders. Producers in Japan, Europe and Mexico have been limping at 65 per

cent capacity; Italy's Finsider lost \$500 million in 1977; the two French giants, Usinor and Sacilor, \$400 million each; British Steel Corporation, over \$800 million, the U.S. government has moved to protect weakened producers with pricing and anti-dumping mechanisms. Meanwhile, Stelco's income has been down since 1974 but remains profitable and is operating at capacity now, even forced to buy competitors' semi-finished steel to fill customer orders. Comments analyst Gregory Liddy, of Merrill Lynch, Royal Securities Ltd. "It took a lot of guts to go ahead with the decision to build Nanticoke. Over time, it will be the smart move, unless you want to be like the U.S. industry and not build anything new for 50 years." Space and plans exist to produce 5.4 million tons a year there, about double Stelco's current output, with initial production set at 1.35 million tons. The 80 contractors and 1,100 construction workers building the first phase were joined last week by four machinists, the first of 1,350 employees. "It is," says Gordon, "the realization of a dream."

It's a dream that could become a nightmare if markets don't develop, including contracts to be awarded in January by Foothills Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd. for the 2,027 miles of pipe in the Canadian portion of the Alaska Highway gas pipeline. Stelco has bid against 11 firms but expects the lion's share, most importantly the thin-wall 56-inch pipe to be produced at the now idle Welland, Ontario, Stelform plant.

Through it all the guiding hand of Peter Gordon can be felt from the mill floor to the boardroom. Recalls a former employee, now with another metals company, "He's just as at home having a beer with a guy from the blast furnace as he is sitting down with Trudeau in Ottawa." Unlike the U.S. steel firms who post lobbyists in Washington, often Gordon goes personally head-to-head in Ottawa winning respect there and with unions too. Ron Tipler, for seven years president of United Steel workers of America, Local 1005, at Hamilton's giant Hilton Works with the majority of the firm's 23,000 employees, is now community relations supervisor at Nanticoke, selling the development. Current union President Walter Valchuk comments: "I won't say he can walk on water, but I have strong respect for Peter Gordon." It's the kind of loyalty the man they call the "road runner" achieves as he comes at a half run through the mill, charging into the future with no small amount of hope. "To do anything that turns out well," he admits, "there's some luck involved." And perhaps more. According to analyst Winograd "You need a messiah to lead the company into profitability."

Roderick McQueen

Looney tuna: a fish story

The sight of Koji Kobayashi leaning into an 800-pound tuna carcass always reassures businessman Jay Ettman and the residents of Indian Harbour, Nova Scotia. Each spring the tiny fishing village 20 miles south of Halifax prepares to satisfy the yearnings of 100 million Japanese for sashimi, a traditional delicacy best prepared with the raw flesh of the fish. Ettman fattens on his tuna ranch.

Eight years ago, all that sandwich filling was going to waste. Snared in fishermen's mackerel nets, they contained too much mercury for North American consumption and were slaughtered. At the urging of Japanese friends, Ettman worked with maritime fish research teams and both federal and provincial fisheries departments to perfect his ingenious tuna ranching and shipping system by 1975. For Ettman at 63 it's the ultimate retirement home at the end of a lifelong package tour.

The harvest begins in St. Margaret Bay with mackerel traps equipped with tunnels to 15-metre-deep ova-shaped tuna cor-



The way to sashimi: three days to tabletop

rais in 100-metre by 50-metre sections of the bay cordoned off by twine netting. Tuna make their way into the traps while summing off the Marlinnes on the second leg of an annual round trip that begins in the Gulf of Mexico (where they spawn) and continues through the Marlinnes across the Atlantic to Norway, down the European coast to the Mediterranean and back to the Gulf. The ones that make it into Ettman's corrals to stay are about 22 years old (they live to about 24) and weigh around 800 pounds. Fishermen in whose nets they are trapped are paid 64 cents a

pound, three to four times the price tuna fetched prior to Ettman's arrival. The tuna will gain 200 to 250 pounds as Ettman feeds each one 50 pounds of mackerel and herring daily for six months. At season's peak, 700 gourmandizing tuna fatties roam the pens that double as natural observation tanks.

By late September harvesting begins with Ettman a bystander as his Japanese technicians do their internist's samurai act and half-ton, beheaded, de-tailed fish are placed in 2°C containers. As many as 20 tuna can be harvested and packed one day, trucked to New York the next and flown to Japan the third, appearing as sashimi the fourth.

Ettman estimates the fish ranch generates \$1.5 million in income for the community from employment, a blossoming tourist trade, and the three million pounds of herring and mackerel he buys locally every year. As for himself, the refugee from the bothersome world of journalism and detective fiction reels in a \$40,000 annual salary from an initial investment of \$50,000. The gentle blessings of maritime commerce have only just begun. "I thought I'd retired," Ettman explains, "and I'm having the time of my life."

Jill Cooper Robinson/Ian Brown

Running harder for his life

One morning last July, Toronto lawyer Robert Thomson opened his *Globe and Mail* to discover that his insurance company, the Standard Life Assurance Co. of Edinburgh, was heading back to Scotland and leaving its Montreal-based Canadian branch to the Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. His initial shock became a committee of disgruntled policyholders and three months of questions. While as of last week Thomson had no answers—amid hotly denied rumors of unauthorized foreign exchange losses circulated in Canada and Edinburgh as reasons for Standard's pullout—there is the satisfaction that he may have sparked a federal government review of Canada's insured.

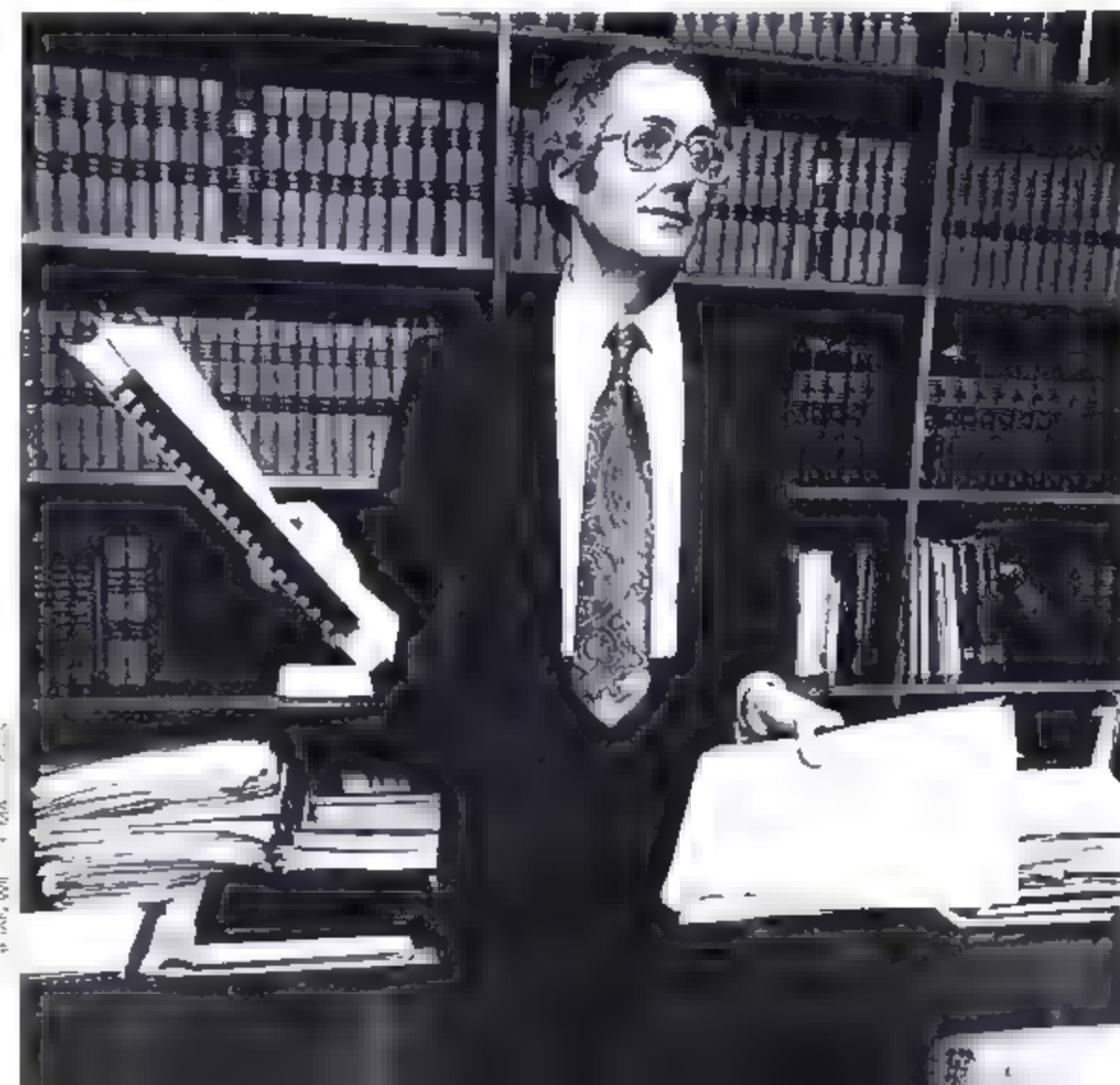
At the storm's centre is a merger that will transform ManuLife (Sir John A. Macdonald was its first president) from the country's fifth largest life insurance company (based on \$263 million in Canadian premium income last year) to the largest, and put current ManuLife President Sydney Jackson on top of \$5.4 billion in assets. Standard is the perfect partner for ManuLife, adding a sales force of 200 to a Montreal operation ManuLife planned to expand and business it would have cost ManuLife \$100 million to write for itself. Weak life-

insurance sales and Quebec's tough language laws have given Standard's Edinburgh head office the heebie-jeebies for over a year; the ManuLife offer is a rare escape hatch that seems to protect Standard's Canadian policyholders.

But none of those reasons would have persuaded Finance Minister Jean Chrétien or his superintendent of insurance,

Richard Humphrys, whose sanction of the merger, Jackson, Standard Managing Director David Donald, and ManuLife Chief Actuary Robin Leckie sought on a trip to Ottawa in early May. So they packed a secret weapon: ManuLife's lawyer and lone francophone di-

Lawyer Thomson: ask enough questions and someone digs for the answers



Every great Scotchman has his partner.

rector, Yves Fortier. Humphrys and Standard Canadian Chairman Lucien Rolland wanted the company to stay in Canada, but Chrétien, mindful of last year's Sun Life Insurance Co. fracas and the chance of losing the company entirely, had little choice but to bestow his blessing. "It wasn't a question of Standard Life getting out of Montreal," Donald says, "but of Manufacturers Life [about half its assets are outside Canada] coming in."

Left crying foul are Thomson and Standard's largely anglophone advisory board, ignored despite the gold-filled presence of the likes of Drummond Birks, chief executive of Henry Birks and Sons Ltd., William Mulholland, president of the Bank of Montreal, and Baikie Purvis, president and managing director of Calvin Bullock Ltd., a Montreal firm of investment counsellors.

The only person to resign from the Canadian board, although more resignations are expected next week, Purvis feels the Edinburgh board stayed "closer to ManuLife than they stayed to us," and says he and his colleagues were not informed of Standard's intentions until Donald came to Canada last spring "with the press release already in his pocket," a contention he denies.

Meanwhile, Thomson keeps asking questions. Does the Canadian operation have a \$200-million surplus, and does Edinburgh have the right to redistribute it in the United Kingdom—as Purvis says, "to be a hero to U.K. policyholders"? Donald insists the Canadian branch owes Edinburgh that much to repay pension loans made after the war. But no record of the debt exists in Ottawa, and it will be up to the independent actuary now assessing the merger to determine who deserves what.

They must also decide whether ManuLife's guarantee to maintain Standard's



Jackson: in the manner of Sir John

generous dividend levels for five years will place undue strain on ManuLife's own surplus. What the expensive actuarial talent can't determine is the thorny ethical question of a policyholder's right to know what his company is doing with his money. Humphrys says the government is checking to "what extent the principles of corporate law vis-à-vis stockholders' rights are applicable to the policyholders of a mutual company," but Robert Thomson is in for a long fight against attitudes centuries in the making. "How we run our business," David Donald maintains from his Edinburgh living room, "is absolutely *no one's* business but our own." Ian Brown

Carter's Bitter interest pills

Casting a wary eye south to the United States has given Canadians neck kinks since the War of 1812. Last week, President Jimmy Carter's strong-man stern measures announcements to prop up the embattled U.S. dollar and propel interest rates skyward had Canadian business heads snapping and, after a first good look, nodding approval even though the U.S. economy will likely slow down. "I don't think he had a choice," says Harold Corrigan, president Aican Canada Products Ltd., which exports 30 per cent of its ngot production mainly to the U.S. Even if there is a momentary pause in the economy, his actions will overshadow that.

At week's end, the Bank of Canada

remained strangely silent after bumping up rates all summer each time the U.S. did, although Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce Jack Horner had called for responding hikes that would almost certainly send mortgage and consumer loan rates logging up again. There hasn't been a peep from Ottawa, said one observer.

It's as if they hadn't read their mail or listened to the radio all week. Treasury bill activity was meagre as banks and dealers stayed nervously away; thin trading closed the Canadian dollar's week at 85.56 cents (U.S.). With an estimated \$1.5-billion Canada Savings Bond campaign in mid-stride, the Bank of Canada and the federal government must soon decide whether to move rates, like y leaving CSBs paying 9.25 per cent, or wait until Nov. 15 when sales end. For the moment, chewing fingernails is easier than biting the bullet.

Roderick McQueen

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The Christians in the arenas

I'm not playing for me but for God's purpose, and that's to glorify Him in the way I play. —Ron Ellis

These religious freaks are ludicrous. —Harold Ballard

There are Hare Krishnas on the street corners, Witnesses at the door, a Christian in the White House, and born again Christians in the dressing rooms of the National Hockey League. Somehow, prayer cloths, "save me" television shows, honking if you love Jesus, and Athletes for Christ are all part of the same movement that started so long ago. Now one set of shoes worn by the fishers of men are Tacks.

Heaven forbid that these Christians with Kohos be tossed to the proverbial lions. Gladiators wearing the same cloth are there to protect them. Lest faithful fans fear Canada's national exported game has been inherited by the meek, three of the four most penalized players last year in the World Hockey Association now dispense retribution in the once revered NHL.

The teams that don't have the goons get beaten on. Paul Henderson

Paul Henderson vaulted the bench in Moscow in 1972 and scored the goal heard round the capitalist world. From that mystical moment, he retreated to Toronto seclusion and said, "I never want to get that high again." In the process he found The Word, and has stuck to his words in the WHA.

Henderson used to go around telling his teammates not to hurt opposing players. Harold Ballard

With Toronto, the born-again Christian Henderson was known as a Bible not body thumper. Henderson balanced his pacific play with tenacious pursuit of the topic of Christ. "As for me being aggressive with my faith, I love God very much, and I'm not as aggressive as I'd like to be."

He now skates with the Birmingham Bulls, who set a pro hockey record of 2,117 penalty minutes last year. Says

former Bull policeman Frank Beaton, "Paul was able to freewheel more and had one of his best seasons because we were able to stick up for him." Stick up for him? Paul's wife, Eleanor, says other teams were afraid to step on the ice against Birmingham. Henderson himself admits, "I would have hated to play against the Bulls."

Tom Edur, at 23 years of age, had it all, the all-Canadian dream—women, money, and a spot in the NHL. He was the highest scoring defenceman for the



Pittsburgh Penguins last season. He quit to recruit for the Jehovah's Witnesses in Denver.

Scriptures say that there shouldn't be competition at the pro level.

—Tom Edur

If you want an honest opinion, I think he's stupid. Tom Edur's mother

Edur was leading the materialistic good life until he was baptized a Jehovah's Witness last summer. "My faith is

a way of life and there are things in hockey, like the violence and killer instinct, which don't coincide with the Bible's principles."

Prime goon of the WHA last season, Steve Durban, rebuts the Christian approach to the arena. "This is a pretty violent game, and if you want to survive you've got to put your body on the line. Anyone, and not just Edur, who's not going to do that, should just get out."

Ron Ellis of the Toronto Maple Leafs retired in 1975. "I started drinking, felt depressed and started blaming the game and pressure for my problems." Between retirement and comeback in '77, Ellis was "born again" and attributes his smooth re-entry to his "whole new positive outlook."

In the fold now too is former black sheep Dave Forbes. The Boston Bruin's aggressive play culminated in the courtroom and in the loss of sight in one eye of Henri Boucha of Minnesota. "I'm sure the Boucha incident had an effect on me and on my decision to become a Christian. There's no question hockey is tough and sometimes violent, but God gave me the ability and talent to play, and that's where he wants me to be." Last year, He supposedly wanted Forbes to spend over 100 minutes in penalty box purgatory.

By putting their hand in the hand, are Christian hockey players passing responsibility to the scorekeeper in the sky? Forbes: "I have the peace of mind that God is in control of not only my hockey career but also my life." Canadian Doug Jarvis: "Many times I find myself getting on my knees to ask God to solve a difficult situation or help me through it. All the responsibility for my life is in God's hands."

Anyone who thinks that God wins or loses games has to have an awfully weak mind. Harold Ballard

The National Hockey League has a two-man security team that visits team training camps, "to talk about dos and don'ts," says director Frank Torpey. "We discuss several topics, drugs being one of them, and we tell them what individuals and groups to avoid." Asked if these "groups" included Hare Krishnas, Scientologists, PSIs and Christians, Torpey says, "No comment."

In a world where gurus wear Twisto-flex watch bands, Moonies dance in daylight, TMers claim levitation in Huntsville, Ontario, and two Popes are elected in a year, those who play at a game for an average salary in excess of \$90,000 must also come to grips with the eye of the needle. Hal Quinn/Ashley Collie

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Cover Story

The girls of autumn

By Lawrence O'Toole

Celine Lomez cranes forward, cupping the brandy snifter with her hands. Some strands of raven hair, pasted there, lodge in an amber glow. In the soft, played lighting of the elegant restaurant her long black lashes fling shadows below her dark brown eyes, which are as big and as expressive as a baby's. She palms the snifter, lifting the trapped golden hairs to her mouth; her full lips meet the glass and drain it. Then, as she sucks in on a cigarette—a Gitane—her high cheekbones are highlighted to the hilt. A curl of white smoke drifts languorously from her nostrils.

A woman—fortyish, courting dowdiness—timorously approaches from the next table. "Excuse me," she murmurs, raising several fingers apologetically to her throat. "I couldn't help but notice you. I know that it might sound funny for me to say this because I'm a woman, but, I—" Pratfalls of prose. She continues: "I just

have to say that—well—you have the sexiest voice I've ever heard." The woman finishes with a shivery little smile. "You aren't an actress by any chance, are you?"

"Yes, *je suis*, I am an actress," Céline Lomez says, thanking the woman and asking her name. Céline tells the woman to watch out for her in a movie called *The Silent Partner*. The woman swears she'll go see it. "You really are sexy you know," she says, shaking her head, returning to her table.

"It's nice, *oui*?" asks Céline Lomez. She runs five fingers through her hair, grazing her chin off her shoulder.

Oui.

Céline Lomez has the luxury of being beautiful.

A few days later at the Holiday Inn at a place called Toms River in New Jersey, where she is shooting *The Amityville Horror*, Helen Shaver, winner of the Best Actress Etrog this year for *In Praise of Older Women*, is slouched at a table. Long-

Lomez (left) and Ditchburn, urgent possibilities, self-marketing stuff

limbed, svelte and lissome, with high cheekbones and a deep, husky voice to match Lomez', she's casually attired in green corduroy pants, boots, a loose-fitting man's shirt, a tattered checked vest minus several buttons, and loads of ornate hardware. Her makeup is haphazard; her curly blonde hair frames her face in a mess of disorganized ringlets. A grown-up, sexy, Little Orphan Annie.

An elderly lady slowly makes her way to the table, asks Shaver whether she's seen her on TV, possibly on *Merv Griffin*. Shaver confesses to her profession "I just knew it," the little old lady burbles. "Can I have your autograph?" Helen asks the woman her name, inscribes a piece of paper and sends the little old lady away, glowing.

Earlier this summer in Boston at a

sneak preview of John Avildsen's encore to *Rocky*, *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, a fairy-tale romance between a newspaper columnist modelled on Jimmy Breslin and a modern dancer suffering from a disease—two girls, barely post-pubescent, gaze at the actress on the screen. "Isn't she simply exquisite?" pines one of them. "Yes, isn't she lucky," counters the second. The story of Ann Ditchburn's discovery by Avildsen (he saw her photo in *The New York Times* and singled her out above a thousand other hopefuls for the lead) is by now a happy cliché, the stuff of theatrical legend. Ann Ditchburn (United Artists) is calling her *Anne* Ditchburn) is also a dancer with the National Ballet of Canada and the choreographer of some 17 ballets, including *Mad Shadows*, perhaps the best pop ballet ever made in this country. She has the washed-out, wan beauty of a Degas dancer. She's almost wrath-like. Vivid blue eyes supply the only coloring in her face. Her nose is small and perfectly chiseled. A down of light hairs around the jawline helps sparkle the pallor. "I'm

quite anonymous in the street," she says. "Choreographers are anonymous people. But that will change next week with the release of *Slow Dancing*. I might be a movie star."

Céline Lomez, Helen Shaver and Ann Ditchburn are all urgent possibilities, they could become stars in their own country. All three share a similar, startlingly husky voice, classically sculpted bones, brains, an easeful sensuality. They are models with feeling. Time was when they would have been called starlets—girls who would try their damndest to stand on their heads and spit nickels if they were told to—but that time has passed. The new glamor means brains, not boobs; sensuality, not gratuitous gender; direction instead of ambition. When and if their beauty fades and fails them, they'll turn to their other gifts, give full vent to another outlet. Burden though it might be at times, beauty is also a boon, and Lomez, Shaver and Ditchburn are the girls who made good on the luck of the draw. The

Lomez and Elliott Gould (above) in *'The Silent Partner'* and Ditchburn and Paul Sorvino in *'Slow Dancing'*: exotic and erotic, and a kittenish glamor that could take off

girls of this autumn.

The trio represents a new breed of actress: up-and-comers with stylish drive. Beauty being the commodity it is, they are intent on marketing it themselves, careful not to let anyone else exploit it for them, distrustful of slippery, helping hands. They run their own shows, pass up the fast flash and the quick buck, and hold out for the future.

She kittenish character Ditchburn plays in *Slow Dancing* might catch fire with an audience currently craving sweetness and light. There's also something tantalizingly remote about her in the movie, she's pure and inaccessible—an object to be viewed out of reach, and her hauteur adds to her sexiness. The beauty threatens to ice over any minute. Look, but don't dare touch. Lomez' career after her performance in *The Silent Partner* (see page 70) should really start to soar: there's no reason why she shouldn't become Canada's next exotic, erotic French-Canadian star, her vicious voice the lullaby to send males off to sleep with their fantasies. The enthusiastic, exquisitely equine Shaver is waiting for that big, international break—a thoroughbred waiting, poised, for the gates to fly open. She's the girl next door who can show anyone a good time with

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brim with crushed
ice. Pour in
Drambuie until the
golden colour
nearly touches rim
of glass. Add short
straw.

her smile and her patter

Immensely determined, all three are carefully calculating their next and every move.

Last year Shaver, 27, turned down an offer from Hollywood, a seven-year deal to make five TV movies and two features. "I just wasn't going to sign my life away," she snaps. Lomez, 25, offered the lead in a movie days after *The Silent Partner* was released in England, says she'll take the part on condition she's allowed to make additions and subtractions to the character ("a bad girl") herself. For several months Ditchburn (deceptively older at 29) has been mulling over an options contract with United Artists; she'll wait to see how the new movie will do.

She also had the smarts, as did Shaver, to get a U.S. agency behind her (Personal management in Canada is not one of the country's protean assets.) "I made it a little difficult for my agents," recalls Ditchburn. "When I hired them I said 'You know you're not going to make a lot of money out of me. I really only want to do specific films and I want to continue my dance career.' She got what she wanted, and continue she does: three new ballets for a new chamber ballet company called Ballet Revue (Elizabeth Swados, who created Broadway's long-running hit, *Runaways*, is composing music for her, she got a film version of *Mad Shadows* off the ground, she's tightening up *Shadows* for future performances. Simultaneously, she's steeling herself for an intensive publicity blitz in the U.S. to coincide with the movie's release there this week. (It opens in Toronto Nov 17.) Recently *Vogue* dubbed her one of the people "People Are Talking About." Like Shaver and Lomez, she has the chutzpah to take her time and consider, the canny-ness to say "No" at the turning point. And they wrestle with the fact that they're Canadian.

Lomez and her twin sister were born in Montreal and adopted by a middle-class French-Canadian family when they were a year old. That her father was Argentinian and her mother Italian accounts for her striking coloring and features. (There is no accounting for that voice.) Ditchburn was born in the grey mining town of Sudbury, Ontario, grew up in Toronto when her parents divorced, and spent much of her time at the National Ballet School. Most of the people who remember her from that time term her "slightly difficult" and "slightly withdrawn." Shaver is the second youngest of six daughters by a French-Canadian mother and English father from tiny St Thomas, Ontario. Her dad drove trains. And look at them all now. It's a familiar story, still fascinating, the envy and admiration of the luckless.

When Shaver trotted off to Hollywood four years ago with five Canadian movies

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to her credit, she was told to come back when she was a star in her own country. "Look," I told him, "you don't know Canada. We don't have stars." Her tune has changed to up-tempo: "It's marvelous now in Canada for the film industry. It's like being a baby. Everything is wide open, a blank sheet. Now Canadians are having the chance to be themselves—just like me." Ditchburn believes "we're cautious, not willing to take chances and be bold. It affects one's personality and it affects one's work. The film camera (which she claims *likes* her, i.e., she is photogenic) sees everything and if you restrict yourself—and it's a restrictive quality we have—it shows on camera. When I see that happening I say 'That's bullshit.'" Lomez is less opinionated, but as practically oriented: she's deciding whether to move from Montreal (where she is already well known as an actress and a singer) to either Toronto or L.A. She favors the former if there's enough work there.

Lomez and Shaver are saddled with the demands of a certain contingent who crave their curves. A *Playboy* spread on Shaver, yet to be released, has been bothersome from the outset. "Playboy asked me to pose and I said no. That's a magnificent point to begin negotiations, don't you think? Then they asked me what I wanted to do for them and I decided to give an interview and do some pictures, provided I had the right of approval. We shot in black and white. I think it's really more mysterious, far more subtle than the pink and white polyester *Playboy* nudes." (She patently refused an offer from *Penthouse*.) The spread for *Playboy* includes everything from a distaff James Dean in leather jacket and seamed stockings holding a can of beer to a cleaning lady on the order of Carol Burnett's, except her skirts are hiked up somewhat further than television would deem healthy for its consumers. They were shot in Paris, some of them in Salvador Dali's apartment. "The nudity is minimal," says Shaver staunchly. "What's seductive is the game."

Lomez began acting when she was 16, in low-grade movies made for the skin trade. She was once even approached by Roger Vadim to play the lead in an upcoming movie, the only stipulation being that the leading lady in this picture would also become his next wife. (Vadim's track record for this double deal includes Jane Fonda and Brigitte Bardot.) Lomez graciously demurred. While playing a stripper in *Gina* she felt "a certain hostility from other women friends. Now I know how to use the sex object as a weapon. I'm learning from it, using it." ("Never is much skin showing in *Slow Dancing*," Ditchburn points out, "unless you want to get rubbing my thigh with liniment.")



Shaver (above) slouching, and with Tom Berenger in 'In Praise of Older Women': the good-time girl next door



Both Ditchburn and Shaver have been through disastrous marriages, Lomez cut off a seven-year relationship before taking on *The Silent Partner*. Independent, strong-willed and private, they all flinch when asked questions of a personal nature, as though a code of behavior they live by is being violated. They're offering their talents, not intimate glimpses into their lives. Like most post-liberation women they manage to be aggressive without being coarse. Businesswomen. Sensualists. Amateur seers. Hopefuls.

"I wanted to see what I was capable of, to push myself to a new frontier," Lomez reflects, partially summing up the odyssey of all three. "In *Silent Partner* I was dancing with great partners. 'It's your step now,' I kept telling myself when it came time for my scenes. And, now, I do believe I'm a good dancer."

"Acting has become therapy for my very elaborate fantasy life," says Shaver. "For a while back in 1970 I thought the world didn't need another actress, so for

about six months I took up nursing with the intention of working with emotionally disturbed children. But I missed the therapy. Acting is a business of seduction and illusion. The writer seduces the director with the script and the director seduces the cast with the direction, and they act out the illusion for him. I miss that too much if I go away from it."

As for Ditchburn, she's deliberately, even desperately, trying to lose her "little-girl voice," trying to toughen up. "My little-girl voice is something I've never liked [her voice in the past often segued from mezzo to a Minnie Mouse squeak]. I think it was a reflection of feeling insecure and intimidated. *Slow Dancing* seemed to have changed all that for me."

Searching for themselves, not quite sure of the range of their abilities, the trio will probably pull through because they're pros. Lomez, for instance, never had any compunction about doing her nude scene in *The Silent Partner*. "For the second you do it, you forget about it because it is a job. There's also several thousand dollars invested in the scene, and it can go higher if you do it wrong." Shaver will finish her role in *The Amityville Horror* in L.A. several months after shooting in New Jersey. Won't it be hard for her to recreate the character after such a gap? "That's what I'm paid for," she replies.

Beyond the professionalism is something else; call it a need to be accountable to oneself or what one is doing. "The person who plays Beethoven wants to seduce Beethoven, not the people listening," says Lomez. "That will take care of itself if you find that perception you're after. I have a contract with myself to find that I want to excite the erogenous zone that's called the mind. I'm thinking of a large range—character, density, eyes, like Irene Papas." She draws attention to her face by throwing out a rigid stare. "I might not look like this when I'm 30. But I don't ever want to sit around in a chair with a cat and a shawl. That's why I'm studying with Strasberg. If I know the autopsy of acting it will be there for me to fall back upon."

Despite the push, the hard work, the hundred cunning considerations that go into a career, the girls of this autumn have a quality that places them aside from others who push, work hard, and engage in cunning considerations. Beauty, for want of a few better words.

Celine Lomez walks down Toronto's main street in the dappled, late-autumn sunlight of an afternoon. Her hair has another, different, amber glow. Heads turn. The looks aren't leers.

When Gary Cooper tells Ingrid Bergman in *Saratoga Trunk* that she's beautiful, she slowly turns profile, thinks for a moment, and says, "Yes, isn't it lucky?"

Perhaps it should be left at that.

Education

A discredit course in public education

Wendy Derrick quit a \$23,000-a-year public-school teacher's job for a position at a Montessori school paying \$9,000 less because she wanted to teach at a pace "regulated by the child's abilities, rather than his grade level." Mark Kennedy, principal of Queensway Cathedral Christian School in Etobicoke, says parents want "a return to the basic firmer discipline and the setting of moral values." Former NDP leader Stephen Lewis, who has two of his three children in private schools, says the public schools attended by his youngsters lacked both "challenge and stimulation." For these, and a growing number of teachers, parents—and the students themselves—the \$3.7-billion-a-year Ontario public-school system is flunking the test.

There are now some 61,250 students attending 346 private schools of every shade, stripe and affiliation across the province—still only three per cent of

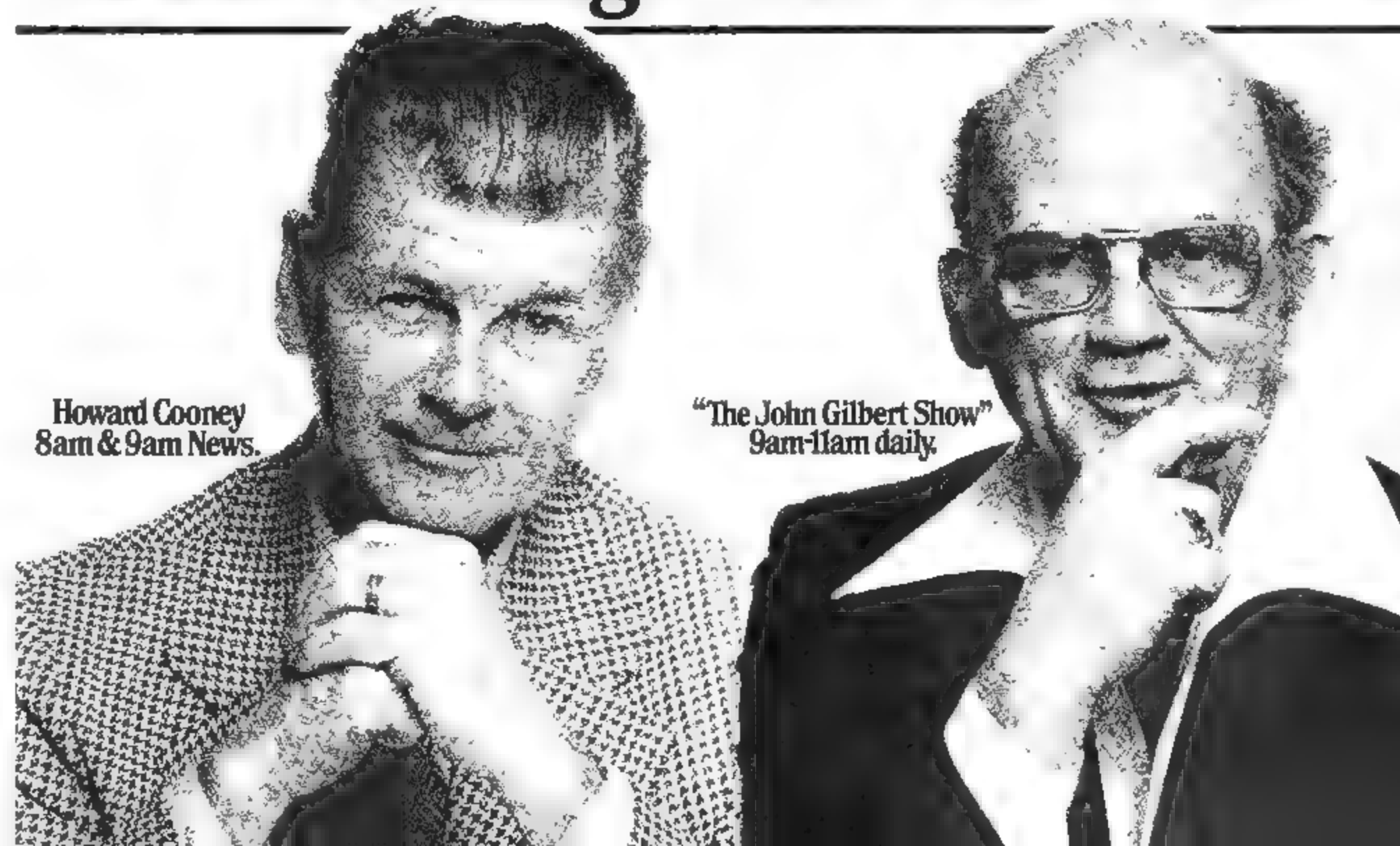
the total enrolment, but a 47-per-cent jump in a decade. Thirty-two more private schools have applied to open this year, while dozens of tax-supported schools may get the axe. And the contrast, in an era of declining enrolment, is a clear indication that something's wrong with Ontario's public education.

The growth of private schools represents a backlash by middle-class parents against a badly eroded public system, says education critic George Martell. A professor at York University, and founder and former editor of a national publication called *This Magazine is About Schools*, Martell says widespread discontent doesn't end with parents. "There are damn few professors who don't feel there are fewer and fewer students in universities capable of doing serious academic work because of poor schooling," he says. Even Robert Jackson, one of the architects of Ontario



Derrick with youngster at blackboard: private solution to a public problem

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io's tax-supported system and head of Ontario's Commission on Declining School Enrolments, says the growth reflects parental unhappiness as well as affluence. Adds Stephen Lewis: "My son, enrolled in Upper Canada College, reads Chaucer and Shakespeare in grade 7, while my daughter in the same grade at public school reads *Willard and True Grit*."

"Status" schools such as Upper Canada College symbolize the private school to many. But the majority of private school students—about 43,000—are enrolled in less costly schools emphasizing the 4Rs: reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and religion. Another 18,250 are in non-religious schools such as those stressing languages, art or music. Martell says the belief that religion, discipline and academic excellence go hand-in-hand is pushing many parents to switch their children to tax-supported Catholic schools. The support is only extended to grade 10. This fall, Metropolitan Toronto Separate School Board officials were swamped with hundreds of applications from non-Catholic parents, but only 551 children could be accommodated.

Ironically, the trend to religious schooling is a return to the system existing in Upper Canada before Confederation. In the early 1800s, any parish that could produce 20 students and a building was entitled to a government grant. Later, under the guidance of a Methodist minister, Egerton Ryerson, a tax-supported, public-school system was created along with "separate" schools—now totally Roman Catholic—created on request by various groups who wanted to keep their languages in the schools. From such a pluralistic beginning, Ontario moved toward the homogeneous. But other provinces are moving in the opposite direction. Last year, B.C. legislators agreed to provide grants of \$500 annually per student to any nonprofit, private school in operation for five years. Alberta provides between \$577 and \$693 a year for three-year-old schools. Saskatchewan pays

Derrick, friends . . . and the Great Pumpkin

operating costs for private high-schools, as well as a 10-per-cent grant toward building construction costs. Private schools in Quebec which provide 1,050 minutes of instruction time per week in French may get up to 80 per cent of the provincial average paid to them by the government. In addition, Catholic education is fully tax-supported to grade 13 in both languages.

Frustrated at efforts to obtain tax dollars, parents of 9,500 students enrolled in 63 Christian schools, many of which are affiliated with Christian Reformed Churches, are gearing for a court battle. Since 1975, some of the parents have deducted school fees from their incomes, as they do church offerings, in defiance of federal income tax authorities. Christian schools are run by individual school boards affiliated to the Ontario Association of Christian Schools. Members are Calvinists who believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible. To Calvinists, education and religion are inseparable. Harmen Vander Meulen of Sarnia is typical of these parents. Tax officials argue that school fees are not charitable donations, but are purchases for education. But, counters Vander Meulen, principal of Lambton Christian High School, school fees cannot buy education any more than offerings in church buy salvation. Alliance lawyer Wietse Posthumus says Ottawa wants parents to launch a test case in federal tax courts. "So far only 250 parents receive reassessments reducing writeoffs." But thousands more wait in the wings and have written off fees since 1975.

Writeoffs for religious schools could speed up the rapid growth of schools such as Queensway Cathedral Christian School in Etobicoke, linked to the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. These churches are fundamentalist in theology, like the Calvinists. Spankings are administered to children who seriously misbehave, says Queensway principal Mark Kennedy, who also believes in uni-

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Kennedy with pupils in tow:
a return to the basics

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forms and begins assigning homework in grade 1. "Parents are fed up with public schools and want a return to the basics, firmer discipline and the setting of moral values," he says. "The public school subscribes to a 'secular humanism' which teaches that one person's values are no more valid than another's."

"Parents must seek religious alternatives because the mosaic of different immigrant groups and religious beliefs in our society has not reached into our schools," says Lyle McBurney, executive director of the Ontario Association of Alternative and Independent Schools. His group was formed to promote the interests of the independent schools. Their efforts paid off last year when Queen's Park agreed to let about \$625,000 in federal incentive payments for French go directly to Ontario's independent schools. For four years, the province pocketed all these per capita funds and distributed them among its schools.

That's only the beginning of political changes, pledges Frank McKernan, president of the Association of Catholic High School Boards of Ontario, whose 91 private Catholic high-schools contain some 53,000 students. Anger is spreading among parents, he says. "This has cost the Conservatives plenty of votes." The Ontario government, meanwhile, appears intransigent. Education Minister Bette Stephenson says the province cannot afford to transfer funds from its declining public school system to private schools. "If there was a depletion of funding of any major proportion, our current financial problems would be magnified greatly and the public school system would suffer unduly," she said. With or without government help, however, private school administrators like Mark Kennedy forecast a rosy future for their schools. "Parents will continue to seek an alternative to public schools," he says, "they are fed up with the malarkey that public schools are as good as ever."

Diane Francis

Medicine

The perpetual 'patients' who ease a child's fears

She's made of foam and terrycloth and her expression is rather bizarre. There are wires in her joints so they bend. Her front zipper opens to reveal lungs and ribs—an unusual option in a puppet—and she stands as tall as a two-year-old Daisy, as she's called, is an inanimate Florence Nightingale—her purpose is to bring comfort and sympathy to children scared to death of all that might happen to them in the hospital.

Daisy is a perpetual patient of the respiratory ward at Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax. She and her 10 siblings are the "children" of Ron Wagner, a 31-year-old puppeteer who used to come to the hospital on Saturdays to work as a clown. Because he was a fanciful character, children would tell him about their fears and imaginings—in the strange environment of a hospital a child has many. It struck him that a puppet that could illustrate any number of surgical and hospital procedures might inspire children to open up even more. "It is a very frightening experience for a child to be admitted to hospital, especially if it's for the first time," says Elizabeth Crocker, director of the hospital's child life department. "They won't tell their fears to adults, but they will to puppets and it makes them feel better to talk about their problems."

With the guidance of surgical nurses, Wagner stitched together his first puppet, Charlie, and then one for every major ward. Ears, Nose and Throat has a puppet with removable tonsils. Charlie, a regular in surgery, has had a skin graft, an appendectomy, a colostomy and cardiac surgery. Two of the puppets have nothing wrong with them at all; they're just "patients" who quietly submit to needles and physical examinations.

Two of the puppets travel to Nova Scotia schools, where as many as 2,000 children get to poke and prod them, try on hospital clothes and experiment with casts on their fingers. "We want children to know something about the range of experiences they could have in a hospital," explains Crocker. "We want to de-mystify the whole thing." Crocker also runs special tours of Izaak Walton Killam. Schoolchildren not only meet the puppets, visit x-ray, the kitchen and the hospital laundry, but are taught accident prevention—how not to end up in the hospital.

In the last few months, other American and Canadian hospitals have become interested in the patient puppets and have requested patterns—which the hospital sends for free. Although people have suggested that he patent

Wagner entertaining a young patient with Charlie (left) and Daisy, medical Muppets



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them and build a medical Muppet empire, Wagner has refused: "The whole point about the puppets is to make kids feel good. How can you patent that?"

Brenda Rabkin

Killing pain, but not the soul

Since the dawn of man, one experience has constantly plagued his mortality: pain from the ravages of disease and injury has made him a prisoner of his body. It's an experience that has been alleviated—at least in part—by opium, stumbled upon as a potent pain reliever by the Babylonians more than 3,000 years ago and refined into

The chemical, called Butorphanol, has been developed under Dr. Belleau's guidance over eight years at Bristol Laboratories' Montreal facility and has passed five years of clinical trials on some 2,500 patients in the U.S. and Canada. It is to be used for the first time on patients at large this month under its brand name, Stadol, to relieve severe pain, such as that caused by cancer. The chemical, a synthetic with similar properties to morphine, works by tricking the brain into reacting in the same way as it does to the narcotic, explains Dr. Belleau, a spry 53-year-old who has pursued his search for a new pain-killer since soon after his graduation from McGill with a PhD in 1950. "The brain doesn't object if something [synthetic] is introduced from the outside—so long as it is recognized by certain areas in the brain."

The drug, whose only known side effect is mild sedation, is the culmination of years of research by hundreds of experts in both Canada and the U.S. Its perfection was the work of a group of

HAROLD FROSHNER/PH



Dr. Belleau, holding a model of his 'magic drug': tricking the brain

experts Dr. Belleau gathered under him when he was appointed consultant research director of Bristol's new Montreal lab in 1962. It was tested, mostly in the U.S., through the parent company's plant in Syracuse, New York, beginning with a small hand-picked group of hospital volunteers in 1973. The drug was recently approved for public use—in injection form only—by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and the Canadian food and drug directorate. It is expected to take another year before an oral form is approved.

morphine in the 19th century. Morphine, while very effective at temporarily blocking pain and having, in medical terms, "good analgesic capabilities," nonetheless has serious drawbacks: prolonged use induces addiction and side effects such as hallucination and disorientation. Intensive research in North America and Europe since the Second World War had until recently failed to discover a "magic drug" combining the pain-killing properties without the deleterious effects. Now a McGill University chemistry professor, Dr. Bernard Belleau, has finally succeeded.

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Dr. Belleau says his research began in the early 1950s when he became interested in the morphine alkaloids—their chemistry and the structural activity which formed the drug. "I wanted to develop synthetic analogues [similar in function] of these molecules. But that was really quite a chemical challenge. In order to understand a molecule, you have to find out which piece of the molecule is responsible for the activity. Then you modify your structure by synthetic methods to what happens to the activity." In other words, not all hands fit the same glove.

Dr. Belleau says useful drugs "more often than not were discovered to have come from a natural product. As a medical chemist, I look at these molecules as prototypes. You have an interesting type of activity there but it's not very specific. It interacts with too many systems, producing all kinds of other effects. So, the basic motivation is to say—okay, here is a molecule that could be useful. How can we clean it up? This is where the chemistry comes in."

Butorphanol works in very specific areas. Once injected, it is carried in the flow of blood to the pain-perception areas of the brain. There it binds on specific receptor sites, inducing subtle changes that effectively jam the pain signals. The architecture of the molecule can be likened to a miniature Japanese garden, flat with three interconnected ponds and a small bridge in the middle. The molecule triggers the brain by its "clean" arrangement of functional groups to give a high analgesic activity, which blocks effects of narcotics such as hallucination and disorientation.

Addiction, as explained by Dr. Belleau, works this way: "A narcotic blocks pain perception but at the same time it inhibits some key biochemical pathways. The cell, in order to compensate for the blockage, starts synthesizing these compounds to overcome the block. So when you withdraw the narcotic, this results in a large excess of regulators, which is certainly enough to upset the biochemistry of these cells. This is the withdrawal symptom, a memory effect, the mind's recall of the addiction. Whatever psychological or physiological reactions that were experienced cause most addicts to go back."

Dr. Belleau sees his discovery as just the beginning of intensified research aimed at chemically treating specific diseases in the brain. "If you can develop chemistry to modify the structure of the molecules in such a way as to produce only the desired effect, without the side effects," he says with considerable understatement, "then you've done something interesting."

Michael McHugh

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HOLY HEROINES!

If art mirrors life, there is no better illustration of it than those towers of pop culture—the comic books. Back in the bad old days, at least 10 years ago, it wasn't hard to tell the boys from the girls even in the world of fantasy. Superman had all the fun, donning the snazzy costume, zooming through the sky, battling the villain. Meanwhile, back at *The Daily Planet* faithful Lois Lane slaved over a hot typewriter and pouted when Clark Kent stood her up for lunch.

It might be too late for Lois, but today, thanks to the women's revolution, her younger sisters are on the frontlines with their male counterparts. The superheroines have arrived—Red Sonja, Medusa of the Living Locks, Hela, Goddess of Death, Sue Storm of the Fantastic Four, Ms. Marvel, Shanna the She-Devil, and those darlings of the animal world, the Cat and the Wasp. "With the explosion of feminism, the feminist heroes were born," says Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, the guru of the supernatural strip.

Lee, of course, should know. His company, largest in the field, feeds the need for fantasy with some 100 million comic

books a year, and Lee has recently published his personal tribute to the liberated ladies, *The Superhero Women* (Simon & Schuster). "Years ago I guess you could say we treated women as objects," Lee admits. "But with the homogenizing of the sexes—I mean you have girls taking woodworking instead of sewing—how could we keep them out of the comics?"

The ladies are not only in the comics but also dazzling us with the same acts of derring-do the men have performed for years. "We want our women to be active, to be in there swinging," Lee explains. Active is surely an understatement for Medusa, emissary from the world of The Inhumans, whose snakelike locks ensnare denizens of evil, or Red Sonja, whose Viking battle axe cuts through living flesh with the gusto of the heroes of Valhalla. Sonja bellies up to the bar with the best of them and belts out oaths that would make any trooper proud. "By Erhk's beard," the red-headed warrior shouts, "I'm half crazed for a flagon of ale."

But the superheroines are more than a simple testament to "You've come a long way, baby." They give us sociology

in a cartoonist's balloon. The development of the wonder girls is a short course in the evolution of the women's movement, beginning with the first steps of self-assertion Sue Storm and Janet Van Dyne (better known to comic freaks as the Wasp) are still the clean-scrubbed, homecoming queens of the

'50s. To be sure, they've brushed up on their Betty Friedan, but their consciousness has been raised only to a point and they sometimes backslide into the mould of docile femininity. They never fight alone but always accompanied by men—their goal is to share in adventure, not to reach for it them-

In the flesh:
Ms. Marvel (left)
battles Spiderwoman

selves. After defeating the fearsome Creature from Kosmos with her cohort, Ant-Man, the Wasp reassures her minuscule mentor, "I will always be beside you! And some day I will make you realize that you love me as I love you. But until that day comes, it will be as you want it . . . just partners."

Partnership holds no lures for those Kate Milletts of the comics, Hela, Medusa and the fabulous Red Sonja. They are quite capable of taking on the world alone. Like the student demonstrators of the '60s, these are the rebels who hunger for the cry "Chicks Up Front." Medusa has no qualms about teaching the legendary Spiderman a trick or two about hand-to-hand combat. "You think because Medusa is a female that she cannot be your better," she taunts. "But now you shall learn how wrong you are!" Icy Hela, Goddess of Death, takes supreme pleasure in vaunting the inevitability of her power: "Hela needs no help! None who live can e'er escape me!"

Fortunately for the fainthearted, the most modern of the superheroines have moved beyond the screaming battle of the sexes, triumphing over misogyny to emerge into the wonderful world of sisterhood. The Cat develops her eerie balancing act with the help of a female physicist and vows to use her extraordinary powers to "fulfill the potential of womankind." But, with the touch of realism that separates Stan Lee and his Marvel empire from its competition, the feline fracturer is haunted by that old devil—self-doubt. After a virtuoso performance, she agonizes, "I did what I set out to do, and I did it well—but have I become a stronger woman only to become a poorer human being?"

No such doubts assail Ms. Marvel, truly a representative of the new generation of determined sisters. Like the

granddaddy of all the comic heroes, Superman, she spends her off-hours as a reporter. A hard-hitting journalist, she fights a tough editor for top pay and then shows her independence by refusing to edit a women's section filled only with recipes and hardos. And even more important, when she dons her demon fighting duds, Ms. Marvel becomes a role model for aspiring young children. As she swoops down garbed in her blue mask and red scarf, a little girl gasps, "Wow! When I grow up I wanna be just like her!"

Ironically, behind every superheroine in the vanguard of fantasy and feminism stands a man—her creator. There is no real-life 'race of super females drawing their psyches out on the cartoonist's easel. Male chauvinists, take note: the avenging ladies have been foisted upon you by Stan Lee and his male colleagues. And, while female comic buffs are increasing, most of the superheroines' loyal readers are male. To keep their interest while shattering their stereotypes, Marvel's amazing amazons are endowed like *Playboy* centerfolds and are often dressed in little more. "After all," laughs Lee, demonstrating that a certain male interest dies hard despite the best intentions, "if this is the way men like their liberated ladies, this is the way we'll give it to them." Watch out, Stan! Red Sonja may be listening!

Rita Christopher



Female warrior Red Sonja: cutting through flesh with Valhalla's best



Stan Lee (left), the man behind the superhero women, with two of his creations, Ms. Marvel (above) and Shanna the She-Devil (in action): "When I grow up I want to be just like them!"





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Books

The world according to girls who work at night

NO MAN'S MEAT/THE ENCHANTED PIMP
by Morley Callaghan
(Macmillan \$9.95)

Once she was called a courtesan. Today she's a hooker or, if her consciousness is raised as high as her skirt, her newly organized union classifies her as a "worker of the flesh." But who can resist reading about her world? Whatever the brand name, prostitutes, who have been the subject of Morley Callaghan's fiction before, continue to fascinate readers. Whether or not Callaghan's account of prostitution in *The Enchanted Pimp*, the second of two novellas that make up his new book, bears any relation to the day-to-day reality of sex for sale makes little difference. Again, Callaghan reveals that his strength as a writer lies in characterization and his ability to tell a story about a world—at least an emotional world—beyond the perimeters of most readers' experiences.

The elements of *The Enchanted Pimp* were first explored several years ago in Callaghan's short story *Caliban*, *The Meter Man* and *Mr. Jones*, published in the literary magazine, *Ecile*. But now the elements are pulled together in this far more compelling novella. Edmund J. Dubuque, the businessman-pimp, seems to have it all: a profitable business bringing together upper-class housewives a touch pressed to pay their charge accounts with gentlemen from out of town, a touch too discreet to cruise for company. Dubuque's own life brims with respectability and comes complete with a sensually pleasing wife blessed with a materially undemanding nature. But in the enigmatic whore, Ilona Tomory, half-hidden in her mother's worn fur coat, a coat that appears so silken and fine in the night light, Dubuque senses some mystery lacking in his life. He tries to turn the mystery into profit by launching Ilona as a singer. But she understands that the way to retain such mysteries is to remain a prostitute, as an artist her essential shallowness might be revealed. Dubuque loses his "golden whore," and elusive, beyond analysis, she bequeathes to him a memory of some aspect of human existence transcending bread-and-butter concerns. It's a worthwhile theme tackled with much competence.

His other story, *No Man's Meat* (privately published first in 1931), reveals

both Callaghan's strength and weakness. A happily married couple have their lives disrupted by the homosexual encounter between the wife and a lady visitor. The characters intrigue; there is something very genuine in the nervous, high-strung wife pleasing her husband—and herself—by good breakfast conversation only to discover the exciting, frightening nature of her real love. But Callaghan's writing in this story is labored; language has never been his great strength. Stylistically he has been at best adequate to his needs. It is said sometimes that Callaghan is underestimated as a novelist; in fact, Callaghan is that rare creature, a writer whose reputation seems precisely in accordance with the value of his work. He enjoys a

Callaghan: something old, something new, certainly borrowed and even blue



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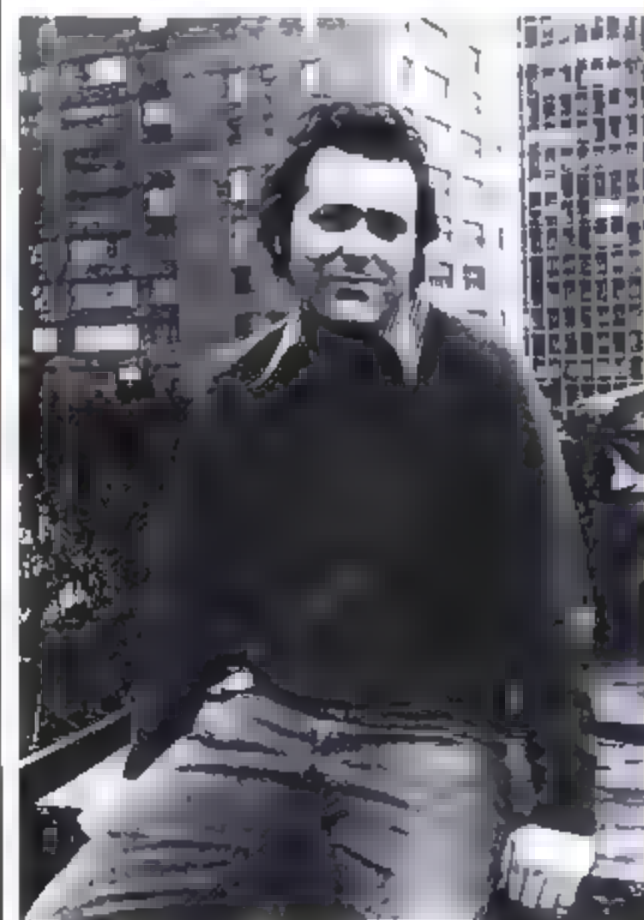


position of great respect in Canadian letters, the enthusiastic endorsement of some foreign critics and the occasional nod of recognition from readers abroad. This is no more, but no less, than his due.
Barbara Amiel

Leaping o'er the pause of reason

RUNNING DOG
by Don DeLillo
(Knopf \$11.75)

A reel of film, rumored to be home-movie footage of orgies in Hitler's bunker during the fiery fall of the Reich, is the starting point of Don DeLillo's new novel *Lightborne*, owner of a Manhattan gallery of pricey smut called *Cosmic Erotics*, has it. He has a



DeLillo: hold the toast, please

client, a U.S. senator who collects what used to be called *curiosa*. "Before pop art," comments Lightborne languidly, "there was such a thing as bad taste. Now there's kitsch, schlock, camp and porn."

The senator wants the film, but so does somebody else: Richie Armbrister, a young mafioso who runs a sleazy empire. Others have interests, too: Moll Robbins, a reporter for a passé underground rag, *Running Dog* (now gone pornographic), is writing an exposé of the senator's hobby; Glen Selvy is an operative for a paramilitary government agency trying to blackmail the senator, who wants to cut its appropriations, and a breakaway phalanx of that agency wants to snuff Selvy. In a decrepit warehouse along the Hudson

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Today's Blue Jean Boy may be amused by the extravagant life style of the 18th century and its unbalanced social system that might



have prevented him from sharing in its benefits. But the two hundred years of progress that brought greater opportunity for us all, have also brought many new complexities.

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River a man in lurid red drag is found stabbed to death. Wheels grind against wheels, schemes against counter-schemes, in a black roundelay of intrigue and death.

Running Dog works as a thriller in the clockwork sense, but it's oblique and stylized, its pulp redeemed by vision and craftsmanship—not pulp at all. DeLillo is a protean talent, he's published six novels in seven years and has never heated up leftovers. He sets himself new challenges and works them out triumphantly. He has as keen an ear as anyone around for the missed beats,

subterfuges and latent tensions in conversation. He juggles wintry wit with poignant understanding. The man writes like a dream.

The reel of film that sets his infernal machine into motion turns out to be Hitler's ironic riposte to Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*: decked out in bowler and baggy pants, cane, and his own smudge of a mustache, he entertains the children in the bunker by doing a riff on the Little Tramp. DeLillo's book is a riff on the espionage pot-boiler, the object of the quest a joke; what interests him is people. "I'm say-

ing espionage is a language, an art, with sexual sources and coordinates," proposes Moll Robbins. A telling line. Everyone has his reasons—legitimate to sordid—for his actions, but the reasons are excuses to work off an inbred human lust to snoop, plot, deal and double-cross. The characters draw their energies and obsessions from a dark sump where evil breeds. *Running Dog* is grim but galvanizing. **Bill MacVicar**

Dry thoughts in a dry season

CONGO DIARY
by Joseph Conrad
(Doubleday, \$9.95)

The nonsense of a great man may be more interesting than the nonsense of a fool, but boring trivia is boring trivia, no matter what the source. Much of this volume of "uncollected" writing by Joseph Conrad comprises exactly that. If you're keen to read Conrad's foreword to the aptly titled *Britain's Life-boats*, followed by the draft of Conrad's speech to the Lifeboat Institution, followed by the speech he eventually made to the Lifeboat Institution, then by all means buy this book. If you're hoping for insights into Conrad's mind and work, or for good unpublished fiction, forget it.

A word about the title: Less than one-sixteenth of the volume is occupied by the "Congo Diary" that Conrad kept in 1890 and that may have been a minor source for the great *Heart of Darkness*. The diary is available elsewhere, in *Last Essays*, and *Heart of Darkness* has more to do with Conrad's imagination anyway than with this brief, mundane journal.

The rest of the pages are inhabited by a navigational logbook, letters to the press, a cable, several forewords and prefaces, a fragmentary novel, and a long story written in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford. This last, *The Nature of a Crime*, sounds intriguing; it's not. Ford, who wrote more than 95 per cent of it, described it as "awful piffle." He was dead right. Conrad, having contributed two florid paragraphs, promptly forgot about the story's existence; yet the text provides the longest single item in *Congo Diary*. The only pieces of much interest are a short article in praise of Marcel Proust, and the fragment of a novel, *The Sisters*.

Congo Diary has appeared only because literature is a "growth industry" and great writers are profitable, once safely dead. Conrad scholars already would have known where to find all this. Their publication does no one any credit; their contents will give no one much pleasure. **Mark Abley**

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Beatty: 'My name's Clyde Barrow and I rob banks and my hair sure flowers'

who remembers pain with a terrible clarity, and he has more to remember than most of us: weeks of lying in bed, paralysed in the legs; weeks again of lying in bed, most of his skin scalded away; years of hunger and poverty, of beatings and a broken home.

His memoir, *A Childhood*, is a raw, violent and tender book, and it's anything but depressing. Its subtitle, *The Biography of a Place*, suggests something of the spirit that makes *A Childhood* constantly fascinating; Crews, in making sense of his own life, also makes sense of Bacon County, Georgia. His people were what others would refer to as "white trash", he shows them to be dignified and vulnerable men and women, capable of gentleness as well as brutality. They may scorn charity from without, but they practise it among themselves without publicity or shame. They live with the knife and gun, but also with laughter and back-breaking work.

Crews is not yet 45, an early age for autobiography. Yet reading *A Childhood*, you keep reminding yourself that these are the '40s. In Bacon County then, cars and telephones were scarcely known, anyone who lived 40 miles away was a foreigner. It was a world unmarked by civil rights, even by much consciousness of life elsewhere in America—a recent world and a vanished one.



Crews, a fine place to come from

Quiet on the Western Front, the chariot race in *Ben Hur*, the eating scene in *Tom Jones*, the car chase in *The French Connection*—hold all the surprise that waking up in the morning does. Acknowledgements include one to the late critic Nathan Cohen for "hiring me to write movie reviews for *The Toronto Star*... thus letting me know my words could sell." Yes, and if pigs could fly.

Not to push a point, but nobody should really be left bereft of an example of Elwy's horticultural hagiography—the last scene of *Bonnie and Clyde* where "Warren Beatty's body... riddled by bullets," has "his hair flowering in the sunlight." How else could Warren have prepared for his role as the hairdresser in *Shampoo*?

Oh well. He smileth best who loveth best all cinema great and small.

Lawrence O'Toole

Keeping the home fires burning

A CHILDHOOD: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLACE
by Harry Crews
(Fitzhenry & Whiteside \$12.25)

Some people remember their childhood through a haze of sunlight, others continually relive the sharp, stabbing moments of embarrassment, discovery or fear, and others again recall the long pain of childhood, the wounds that outlast any happiness. American novelist Harry Crews is one

And it comes hauntingly to life. Crews tells a tale as crisply as he evokes a scene, and his descriptions of sleepwalking in a cotton field or watching a hired hand extract his own teeth with pliers are uncannily vivid. This is not a book for the squeamish. Although the South is far distant, in several ways it's reminiscent of rural Canada: a mail-order catalogue has a strangeness and beauty, storytelling a communal importance. The book's epigraph is hardly new to us: "Survival is triumph enough."

Harry Crews survived, and his writing shares something of the physical strength he so often describes. The book stops, somewhat arbitrarily, when he's eight or nine years old; by then his character was formed, his survival no longer in doubt. Selfishly, I wanted more. There's much to treasure in *A Childhood*: friendships with a black child named Willalee and a hound dog named Sam, and a love affair between two mules. The book will doubtless correct various misapprehensions about life in the South (still, it seems, the richest territory for American writers). Simply as a personal record of an extraordinary childhood it's a rugged and loving work, an autobiography as imaginative as all but the finest novels.

Mark Abley

Earth mommas at the garden party

SIX OF ONE
by Rita Mae Brown
(Fitzhenry & Whiteside \$13.75)

Rita Mae Brown, like other gay novelists, brings to her work a certain passion which straight readers may find hard to appreciate. She rides her prose hard to make points, and she seems far more determined to sell than to explore. But to dismiss *Six of One* as just another piece of lesbian propaganda would be to miss its real point.

Within the frame of her family chronicle is held 80 years' worth of living by two very different, but intimately connected, groups of women. Uptown is the elegant mansion of Celeste and her lifelong lover, Ramelle; they're Vassar grads dallying at an eternal garden party interrupted occasionally by Celeste's rosary-rattling sister Carlotta. On the wrong side of the tracks lives the other family: Cora and her girls, the fanatically religious Louise and her salty sister Julia Ellen, and Julia's adopted daughter, Nickel, who is writing this history of them all.

But what, besides Nickel's prose, binds together the lives of these lesbians, Catholics, and proles? In Brown's view it's that they're all women. On the

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face of it, the notion that sex can so simply erase all class distinctions and all prejudices is absurd. And even more absurd is Brown's thesis, underpinning every paragraph of this book, that women possess a natural power to be good and strong, if only they can survive men and Catholicism. But *Six of One* should be read, not as realistic documentary, but as Brown's declaration of faith: if the world isn't this way, it should be.

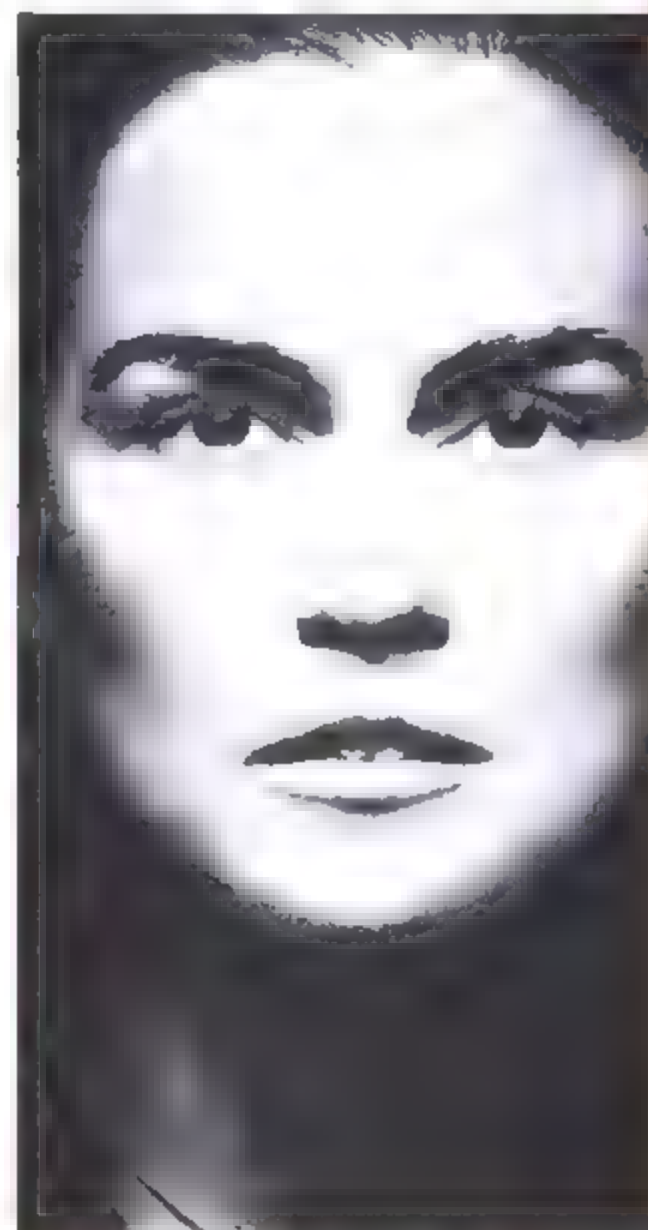
Like most moral parables of its kind, this book is both sad and appealing: sad, because people are rarely as good as

Brown's women; and appealing, because most of us would like to live in a world a little more like the one Brown draws, a little more plainly black and white. It would certainly make things easier if rejecting religion were the only thing a mother had to do in order to become as tough, tolerant, and wordly as Cora, or if perfect trust were as easily come by as Celeste and Ramelle seem to find it, or if Amazonian sisterhood were really the solution to humankind's ills Brown believes it to be.

The message may be crude and simplistic, but it embodies an authentic cry,

and a call for celebration. In the words of a toast to the beautiful Celeste: "Here's to people like us."

John Bentley Mays



Brown: girls of not-so-slender means



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- 6 The Far Pavilions *Kaye* (4)
- 7 The Holcroft Covenant, *Ludlum* (7)
- 8 The Silmarillion, *Tolkien* (6)
- 9 Gnomes, *Huygen* (8)
- 10 Prelude to Terror, *MacInnes* (10)

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- 3 The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (1)
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- 5 The Wild Frontier, *Berton* (4)
- 6 The Brendan Voyage, *Severin* (5)
- 7 The Joy of Hockey, *Nicol* (6)
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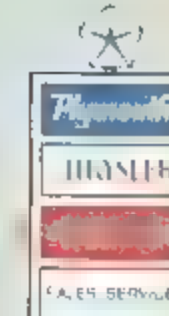


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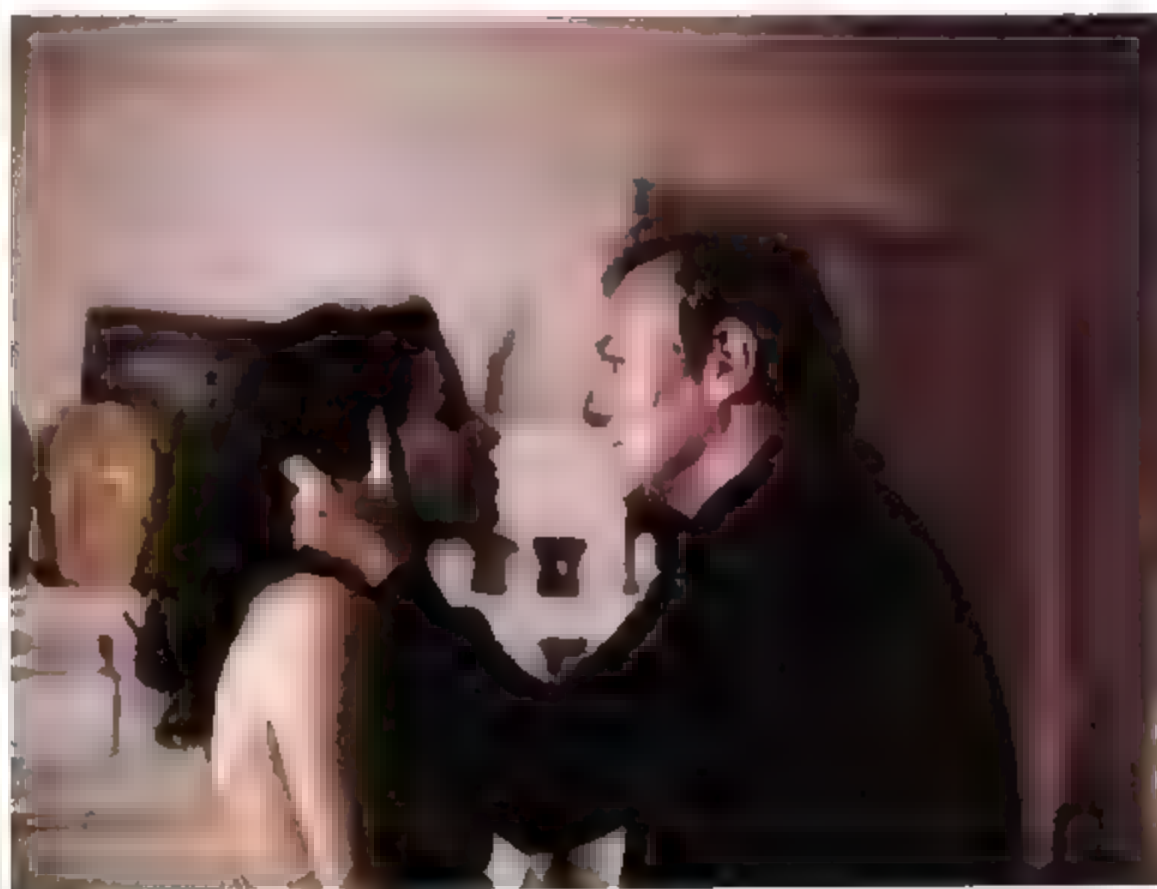
Robbers chase thieves on automatic pilot

THE SILENT PARTNER
Directed by Daryl Duke

Expertly directed, uniformly well acted, literate, with all the comeliness \$2.9 million can buy, *The Silent Partner*, winner of this year's Best Picture Etrog, is the movie equal of a good read. A thriller set in a bank at Toronto's Eaton Centre, it sparks to life automatically when Miles, an unassuming teller (Elliot Gould), wise to the plan of a robber outside in Santa Claus drag (Christopher Plummer), ingeniously palms the cash for himself. But Plummer's Harry is a psycho, with as

primary colors. And there's something else that gets passed over in favor of the thriller mechanism: an offshoot theme of people wanting, and desperately courting, a second chance in their lives. Man-child Gould, alone in his apartment with his chess and goldfish, says he'll use the money to "buy" himself that second chance; the operations manager at the bank (Susannah York), whose life is slipping by, will take her chances on him, if only he'll let her.

The exception to all the enervation is a stunning new French-Canadian actress named Céline Lomez playing



Lomez and Plummer: a gruesome exit

many soft spots as a cactus: when his cold, steely eyes flash through Miles' mail slot you know he'll stop at nothing to get that \$48,000 back. Miles keeps outsmarting him, tricks him into jail, but loses the keys to the safety deposit box with the money in it, and starts sweating. And Harry, a devil of death, returns.

The Silent Partner isn't actually as exciting as it sounds. The director, Daryl Duke (*Payday*), has control, but his work lacks edge, bite and—most of all—drive. There's something the slightest bit enervated about the movie; it starts to go yellow in the brain minutes after you've seen it. What Duke has attempted (and partially achieved) is a film noir glazed by glare, powered by

Elaine, the "plant" placed by Plummer to find the money. Like Gloria Grahame in *The Big Heat*, Elaine decides to go straight; she's a modern moll, a girl kept in a glass cage, as frail as one of Miles' goldfish. There's no real duplicity to her, no meanness, and you want her to come out of it all alive. It's a response to a minor character we don't often have anymore and Lomez, beaming out each emotion, turns the small role into the movie's centrepiece. Her sultry, heavily spiked voice could alchemize a monthly bank statement into something fervid. There's a small, sensual shiver in every move she makes, and she sculpts herself implacably into every

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scene with her lines. It's hard to remember when a Canadian actress came on so strong—Bujold, perhaps. When Lomez leaves the movie—in one of the most gruesome exits in recent memory—*The Silent Partner* virtually comes to a halt.

Lawrence O'Toole

Night of the living dummy

MAGIC

Directed by Richard Attenborough

Corky, the hero of *Magic*, is doubly a failure: he can't quite gain the world and he can't quite save his soul. Scarred by his failure as a straight magician, he turns to ventriloquism and finds there a perfect way of externalizing his torments. But Corky's afraid of making it, on the brink of the big time in American TV, he flees to a lake in the Catskill Mountains and to former heartthrob, Peggy Ann (a subdued, effective Ann-Margret). Trouble is, the ventriloquist hasn't fled his dummy



Hopkins, Fats: strange interludes

Anthony Hopkins, looking rather like a worried squirrel, gives a compelling performance as Corky, but the film belongs to Fats. He is for dummies what Fritz the Cat was for cartoon animals. Brash, mocking, foulmouthed, Fats sets out elements of his master's personality that were better repressed. And when Corky's agent Ben, the sublimely smug

Burgess Meredith, humiliates the ventriloquist by showing that he can't function without the dummy, Fats begins to take control (Remember ventriloquist Michael Redgrave in *Dead of Night*?)

The revenge of the mechanical slave: it's a good idea. But ideas are just the trimmings; sensation is the meat. With the violent death of Ben, whom Fats calls "the postman" because he always delivers (no, it's not a Canadian movie), *Magic* changes gears. This is a film about schizophrenia, likely to do big business, and also a schizophrenic film.

The first part is a succinct, even subtle portrait of a man working at the dangerous edge of his personality. Unfortunately, this wasn't enough for writer William Goldman and, as in his previous film *Marathon Man*, the script forsakes emotional resonance for the sake of gasps and gore. The suspense is sharp enough, the climax thrilling, but too much has been lost.

Richard Attenborough directs with panache; you never know when he'll suddenly fill the screen with an unexpected face or object. He's learned his



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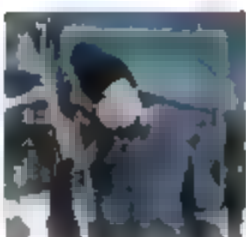
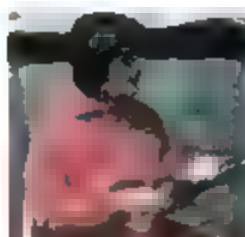
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Hitchcock all too well. What begins as a delicate account of success and instability turns into an updated *Psycho*. The pace, tricks and shocks are all professionally handled: had it not become so glossy, *Magic* would have been even more chilling.

Mark Abley

Smell of garlic, roar of the bored

MARTIN

Directed by George A. Romero

Just a year ago it looked as though movies had run out of guts, rusted up. People who loved movies as pop art had been so excited about the promise of the early '70s, but soon movies began being fluffed up to feed the need for fantasy and niceness. They became penance. See *Star Wars* five times, go to *Rocky* once a month, see *The Goodbye Girl* three times in a row. Going to the movies was often a painful pilgrimage — you did the Stations of the Dross. Suddenly, this year came a revival and



Amplas: a worm in the apple pie

movies were poised with possibilities again: the sleeper *Alice, Sweet Alice*, De Palma's elaborate, jokey *The Fury*, Woody Allen's *Interiors*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, Altman's magnificent *A Wedding* and, now, *Martin*.

In some ways *Martin* isn't a terribly

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Enjoyed and appreciated in 144 countries.

good movie, but it's out of whack in ways that are bracing, too. Director Romero, working with a minuscule budget, isn't concerned with the niceties of moviemaking and the absence of carefully appointed, crisp images is a kind of relief. *Martin* looks like it's got a bad case of acne. *Martin* is not a nice movie.

With *Night of the Living Dead*, made in Pittsburgh for peanuts in 1968 and a cult item on the midnight-showing circuit since, Romero already has a masterwork under his belt. Shot outside Pittsburgh in the dying mill town of Braddock, *Martin* shows the same command of the horror genre. There's a twist: the story of an 18-year-old vampire (John Amplas) is a different kind of horror show. The small town is a Transylvania of tedium, its lifeblood sucked away by junk-food white-trash American mentality. The vampire's a poor misunderstood kid brought there for purging by a paranoid old cousin (Lincoln Maazel, father of conductor Lorin, hilariously resembling Col. Harland Sanders). Cousin Tata Cuda's from the old country and he's a scream, running around like a madman tacking up garlic on the kid's door, confronting him with crucifixes and yelling "Nosferatu! Nosferatu!", even employing an exorcist who can barely muster the energy to bless himself, much less deal with a heavy-duty devil.

All of which nonpluses *Martin*. His condition is psychosexual: he believes he's a vampire (he keeps flashing back to the old country in the worst scenes of the movie). Armed with a hypodermic and a razor, he puts his victims to sleep, slides the razor into their wrists, and sucks their blood to find sexual release. In horror terms, the worst happens before the credits; you become acclimatized quickly. Not that *Martin* has been defanged: there are moments of true terror and disgust, such as a raid on a suburban home, that rival the best antics of the zombie cannibals in *Living Dead*. It's all very creepy, condescendingly funny and oddly erotic.

Romero (who puts in an appearance as a blasphemous priest hooked on wine) borrows from the Europeans for his pace and baroque camera work (his movies are big there). Using a European sensibility, people get jumped on. Just ask Woody Allen. Romero takes us out of the ordinary, into the surreal, and *Martin*'s problems are of course a metaphor, albeit somewhat confused, for the anomie of small-town American life. It's the same sensibility now very much alive in New Wave music—a not-so-very-nice dissection of the creepiness lurking under too many complacencies. Too much TV. Too many consumer labyrinths. A worm in the apple pie. Romero makes the humdrum hum, gives it a beat.

Lawrence O'Toole

Chinese villages have pretty pictures; the artist knows that beauty's skin-deep

By Barbara Amiel

For years I have tried to get a glimpse of that barely visible monolith in the East, the People's Republic of China. Like a child, with her face pressed against a cold pane of glass on a rainy day, I have only been able to see bent grey figures, shoulders hunched against the adversity of bad weather. No faces, no flesh and blood. I have read all the books and reports about China that I could find, talked to returning visitors who told me of the clean streets, morning exercises and "dedication to building a new land," and the window only grew foggy. Not because I disbelieved them entirely, but because an ancient culture such as China's had to be more complex than the account of automatons reading little red books in unison.

I was engrossed recently in the story of the development of Potemkinism. Field Marshal Potemkin, readers may recall, was a particularly ardent member of Russia's German-born Empress Catherine's retinue, and the organizer of her famous trip through the Crimea. The Crimea, being what it was in the 18th century, was deemed by Potemkin not to be up to Catherine's German standards. And so, the story goes, Potemkin erected a series of sham villages for Catherine to inspect—painted theatrical flats of homes and churches. The Potemkin village has come to be a very handy political instrument in the 20th century. Public relations deem it expedient to put a good face on a bad scene. This gave us one of the most famous Potemkin villages: the Nazi ghetto called Terezin in Czechoslovakia.

Among others, the cream of the Czech-Jewish intelligentsia was sent to Terezin. Many were artists, including the late Karel Ancerl, whom Torontonians remember as a conductor of their symphony orchestra. Terezin being the Nazi Potemkin village, when a delegation from the Swiss-based International Red Cross was invited to visit the ghetto to "see" for themselves how well the Führer treated the Jews, the

whole place erupted in a frenzy of activity. Artists painted shop fronts and signs reading "café." Streets were renamed. Theatrical flags were held up along the visitors' route. Half-starved, diseased, and emaciated musicians were ordered to perform a concert. "We were all issued black suits," wrote Ancerl, "my conductor's stand was lined with flowers to hide my clogs." Two days later "all of us, together with 2,500 other ghetto inmates, were sent in a transport to Auschwitz." Even today



the International Red Cross is in no hurry to make public its report about Terezin. Potemkinism may have worked on them all too well.

China, I have always suspected, has developed Potemkinism to an even finer art. Not only have visitors come back declaring that Mao had eliminated everything from flies to famine but claiming to have seen—and personally spoken to—a new breed of human being. This Chinese human being, unlike their fellow Chinese here in the West (or indeed any other human on earth) enjoyed handing over their liberty and dignity to a new, higher state ethos. A decent, intelligent Canadian such as China expert Charles Taylor was moved, when faced with criticism of the regulation of Chinese society, to remark on CBC radio, that "the Chinese, you know, don't even have a word for freedom in their language." The implication was that the Chinese were "different"

and did not need such concepts as individual liberty or Western democracy.

Well, I always suspected that this was a rather patronizing, if not downright racist view of the Chinese. But the Bamboo Curtain leaked less than the Iron Curtain and no dissenters came out of China until very recently. Then, after having my suspicions confirmed by some essays challenging Westerners' idyllic views (such as Simon Leys' *Chinese Shadows*), I discovered an extraordinary book of fiction, *The Execution of Mayor Yin*, written by a Chinese woman now living in Vancouver.

Born in Taiwan, educated at the University of Taipei and in the United States, author Chen Jo-hsi went to Mao's China in 1966 with her Chinese husband, both of them true believers in the New Order. She stayed for seven years and then came to Canada and wrote her stories. They are stories of simple people living in a Potemkin world. A world in which streets are cleaned and painted for visitors. Food is stocked in open-air markets for foreigners to see but not for the Chinese to buy. A world in which, though the people evidently have a more communal view of

life, they still crave for the dignity that comes from privacy. In Chen Jo-hsi's largely autobiographical short stories, a people are revealed who may not have a formal word for "freedom" in their language but long for it. It is a long time since I wept for figures on a printed page, but I wept for the old man filled with excitement at the prospect of buying his sick wife a fish, two withered bamboo shoots and a piece of ginger, only to discover after purchasing it, that the fish had to be returned to a market display for the "foreigners."

Artists are like other people: You can fool some all the time and all of them some of the time. But when an artist stops being fooled and combines clarity of vision with a truly extraordinary writing talent, Potemkinism is revealed in its essential nature: a false front presented to our gullible pundits who know even less about the real world than the Empress Catherine did.





Music

New Wave: picking the wings off pop

Disco was born in the ponderous aftermath of the '60s when house parties had become as much fun as folk masses. Everybody wanted conversation and nobody wanted to dance, until blacks and gays began to shake their booties. Singles and the suburbs soon followed. Intravenously kept alive by *Saturday Night Fever*, disco entered middle age and showed that, while all talk may be dull, all partying can be deadly. Now, with a style as gawky and loose as disco is poised and pent up, New Wave music (aka Punk) challenges the mindless complacency of an era in which both René Simard and Joe Clark have won followers.

New Wave, a larger label that subsumed Punk when it proved unpalatable, takes in the electric drive of The Clash and The Jam, the relatively melodic Elvis Costello and David Johansen, as well as the unabashedly commercial power pop of Nick Lowe, The Paley Brothers and The Rezillos. It celebrates teendom and rejects the notion that youth and rock'n'roll will never be as good as they were in their all-hallowed heyday, the '60s. You had to be there to enjoy the '60s; you have to be here to believe the '70s. The unimaginable has turned real; the merely familiar, grotesque. Peter, Paul and Mary are together again; test-tube babies, Gary Gilmore's death, Elvis Presley clones and pink potato chips are facts. Saccharine is banned and so is Margaret Laurence. New Wave's forerunners called themselves after monkeys, turtles and beetles. Taking their names from things that man's to thank for—The Cars, The Motors, The B-52s, The

Shirts, Magazine, Television and Battered Wives—New Wave bands play hob with popular culture and other grim realities of the modern world.

Uganda Stomp is the single chosen for release from *Battered Wives* (Bomb), but that's as political as this Toronto group gets on its debut album. New Wave deals more in quirks than movements, and relies more on inflection than ideology. The Wives, in *I Want It All*, and *Get What I Can*, illustrate New Wave's priority—looking out for *numero uno*.

Blondie has no such trouble making mock of the sexy stuff. On *Parallel Lines* (Capitol), lead singer Deborah Harry, a Joey Heatherton with talent, picks the wings off traditional romance in *Picture This* ("Get a pocket computer/try to do what ya used to do"). Less eccentric than the first two, this album is pop without apology, featuring a lippy version of Buddy Holly's *I'm Gonna Love You Too* and *Heart of Glass*, one of New Wave's most danceable tunes.

Like Blondie, The Shirts have been playing since 1975 before New Wave was named. Their first album, *The Shirts* (Capitol), sounds wilted. Annie Golden's vocals are too earnest to convey the shiv-sharp defiance that's the glory of New Wave music. The Shirts, however, do capture some of the disaffection of a generation primed on promise and then left to face such mean prospects as unemployment and Legionnaire's Disease. While some assuage their paranoia with running, the new sensible cuisine and smoke detectors, The Shirts, in *They Say the Sunshines*,

Elvis Costello, Devo and Battered Wives: off-the-wall wit confronts a grim future

dismiss all reassurances: "They say the sunshines/I carry flashlights."

Devo also takes it for granted that there's something creepy in the heartland. On their first album, *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!* (WEA), these five men from Akron, Ohio, (a New Wave capital, as is Toronto) who wear futuristic welders' outfits and sound like robots, perform a deadpan, heavily synthesized dissection of the dehumanizing terrors of banality. Their *Satisfaction* is as laconic and blasé as Jagger's was frenetic and bothered. *I'm Against It*, from the Ramones' fourth album, *Road to Ruin* (GRT), is another anarchic rejection of dull care. With their pounding guitars and Joey Ramone's ability to make any word sound silly just by twisting its syllables, the Ramones are hell-bent for fun. But even though there's a lot of Puck in these punks, the vigor of *Don't Come Close* or *Bad Brain* doesn't completely mask the aching, if perverse, distress.

The trippy optimism of the '60s lent importance to such things as creativity and communication, which in the '70s have given way to matters of a homelier urgency. *More Songs About Buildings and Food* (GRT) is an apt title for Talking Heads' second album. *Don't Worry About the Government* (from their first) and, now, *The Big Country* are disenchanted visions of how things work. Unlike the ostentatiously political lyrics of bands such as Tom Robinson's, the songs offer the chilling poetry of a cracked child who has spent solitary hours playing with chemistry sets and then learned to do biopsies. The Heads present a musically precise and minimal picture of cramped routine, unrelieved except for a bored nod to the importance of friends and work, and a soberly comic mention of "restaurants and bars for later in the evening." Canny, off-the-wall wit is standard in New Wave. Talking Heads go further; they achieve poignancy. David Livingstone

For the record

RICHARD STRAUSS: SALOME
Conducted by Herbert von Karajan
(Angel; 2 discs)

Landmark. Abetted by the magnificent Vienna Philharmonic, Karajan goads the dynamics of the brutal, decadent score to the limit. He waited years for his perfect Salomé and found her in Hildegard Behrens: she soars above the orchestra's thunder with her high, lambent tessitura, and never has the adolescent girl's obsession been so obdurate. José van Dam is the best John the Baptist yet. Gives new meaning to the word spectacular.

LEOS JANACEK: TARAS BULBA/SUITE FROM 'THE CUNNING LITTLE VIXEN'
Conducted by Andrew Davis
(Columbia)

The Toronto Symphony does jubilant justice to Vixen's comic-strip charm, in *Taras* it shows off the swelling of a Slav's heart. Eerie, rhapsodic strings, but Davis is still restrained. Close your eyes, though, and you'll see dust stirred by the clatter of hooves and, possibly, Yul Brynner.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE GUITAR
Liona Boyd
(Columbia)

Her idea of variety is to append black to white; courting complexity, she gives us some grey. Her arrangements of Albéniz, Sor and Satie don't quite measure up to those of her facial features. Only Milton Barnes' *Fantasy For Guitar* manages to damn the flow of tedium.

PUCCINI: LA Fanciulla DEL WEST
Conducted by Zubin Mehta
(Deutsche Grammophon; 3 discs)

A true American opera—a western. Belasco wrote it. Caruso and Emmy Destinn first sang it at The Met in 1910. Minnie (Carol Neblett), a saloon owner, falls for Mr. Johnson (Plácido Domingo), a bandit. Mehta surpasses himself; Domingo is superb; Neblett, harsh but exciting, has timber in her timbre. Stupendous sound.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Making instant myth out of Mr. Parrot: is this the best TV can do?

By Allan Fotheringham

The first modern strike that grasped public attention and pitted one defiant union against the might of government was a wonderful match. John L. Lewis vs. Harry Truman in 1946. The most famous eyebrows in history, the most powerful union leader in the United States, taking his 400,000 members of the United Mine Workers union out on strike, threatening the entire American economy and challenging the little haberdasher from Missouri. Harry S. could bomb Hiroshima, but could he tame John L.? The Mine Workers, with a strike fund of \$75 million, fined \$3.5 million and threatened with the army. "You can't dig coal with bayonets," said John L. Gripping drama, fascinating even for foreigners.

In this country the face of Quebec—and ultimately Canada—was changed as a result of the 1949 strike of 5,000 miners at Asbestos and Thetford Mines. Among other things, it jerked Quebec out of the myth that it was still a sleepy rural society and, like a glass of cold water in the face, made the province realize it was well into an urbanized, unionized existence. Duplessis, by sending the Quebec Provincial Police in to break the heads of the miners, unwittingly shattered the government-church alliance that had kept Quebec in thrall as the Catholic leaders went through their own psychic barrier and supported the strikers. That strike was a coalescing point for the progressive forces in Quebec who set in motion the ferment that would end a decade later in the Quiet Revolution.

Finally, the Asbestos strike for the first time dragged some personal involvement out of a world-travelling dilettante called Pierre Trudeau who—dubbed "St. Joseph" by the strikers because of his straggly beard—spoke so passionately before the miners that he had to be restrained by labor leader Jean Marchand because his oratory was so inflammatory. The searing experience of the Asbestos strike got Trudeau involved in public issues, led to the es-

tablishment of the formative journal *Cité Libre* along with Gérard Pelletier and—one could argue—was the event that resulted in the brilliant dilettante now residing at 24 Sussex Drive, however tenuously.

Those were epic struggles, worthy of capturing the attention of an entire nation. Today, with our advanced methods of communications, our ability to synthesize and capsuleize such national events? Today, we have on our nightly TV screen and in our daily headlines the



overpuffed, overdone soap opera of a government that cannot run a post office—supposedly the most mundane task of all, ranking just up the complexity scale from cleaning streets and making sure the flush toilets work. The nation is paralysed in fascination to watch Jean-Claude Parrot made into a mythic figure. Is this really what television was invented for? Was this the finest hour of a Liberal hegemony that goes through wars, lifts satellites and has introduced the four-letter word to parliamentary democracy?

There is, going on here before the glazed eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch, an escalation of triviality. Non-entities who are not worthy of being alternates on game shows, who would not make the semifinals of *The Gong Show*, suddenly get more prime time than Gordon Pinsent. Al Johnson has had his moment in the sun. Does he realize that Jean-Claude Parrot



lusts to be his successor?

The problem with much of this—with making people more important than even their mothers ever dreamed them to be—is the nature of television itself. Television loves nothing more than a stationary event (the very antithesis, of course, of sport, which is the most successful thing on TV simply because there is so much unpredictable movement). The thing television loves most of all is a fire. This is because (a) it is stationary, (b) it is colorful, since few flames are in black and white, and most of all, (c) since it takes a long time to happen and is in no danger of going away. It takes a pretty dumb field producer to louse up a nice juicy oil tank fire.

The spurious world crises foisted on us lately—i.e. a strike of airline oil-greases, a strike of post office baggage-smashers—are given such importance in our lives because they are—like fires—easy to cover. The cameras are stationed outside the arbitration room, lenses poised, eager innocuous questions framed for *The National*. We watch, over the mandatory six nights of a national crisis, the growth of tentative surly union leader into national celebrity.

One year it is the lovable Joe Davidson, with his kindergarten haircut. Now it is Mr. Parrot, with that ineffable curl of the lip. Watch, each night, as this week's changeable national crisis (airlines, posties, air traffic controllers, CBC newsreaders) evolves. Each night the stance and confidence of the national union leader bristles and improves. Even the wardrobe improves.

Somewhere, somehow, television and the press have got to look at their own responsibility, their own sense of perspective, in determining how much they tend to be the problem rather than the solution. Union leaders, like politicians, gravitate to the camera as moths to the flame.

Andy Warhol said everyone eventually will be a celebrity for 15 minutes. Accepted, but six successive nights on *The National* does tend to turn the head. And the stomach.

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